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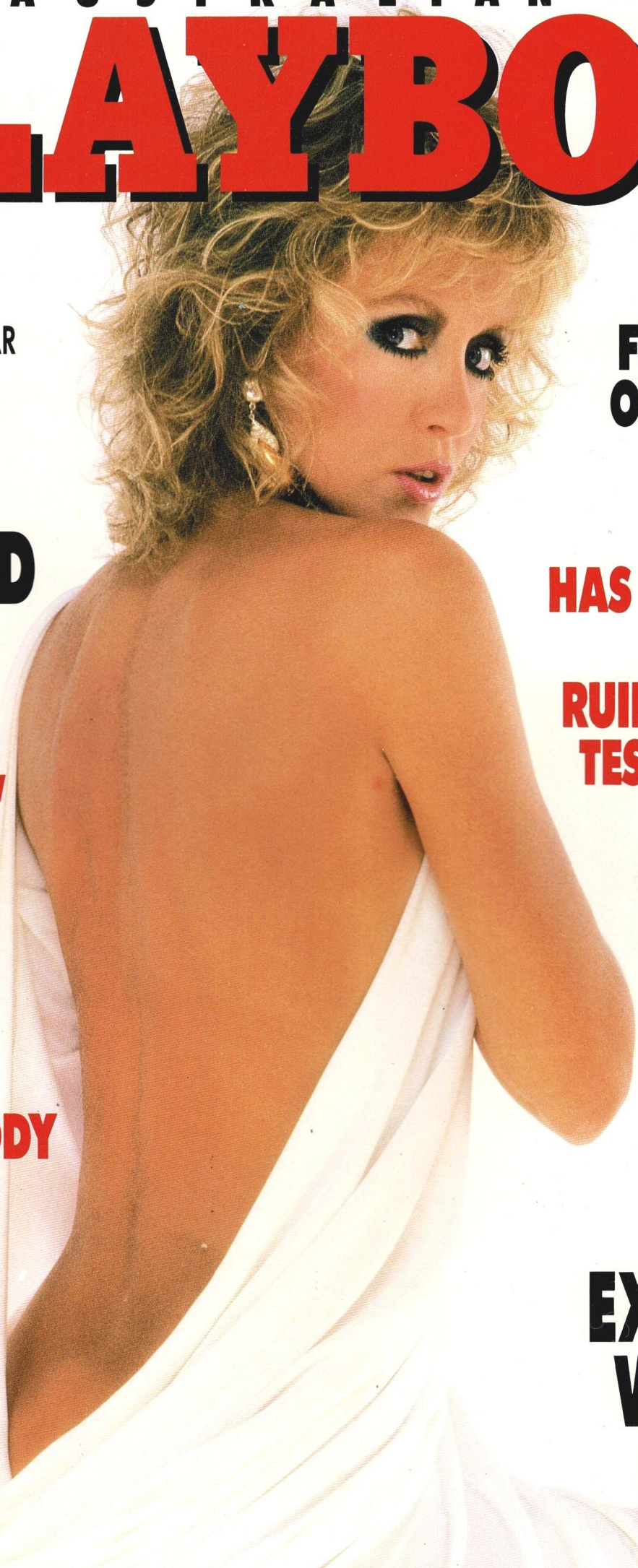

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW
TOP JOCKEY MALCOLM JOHNSTON

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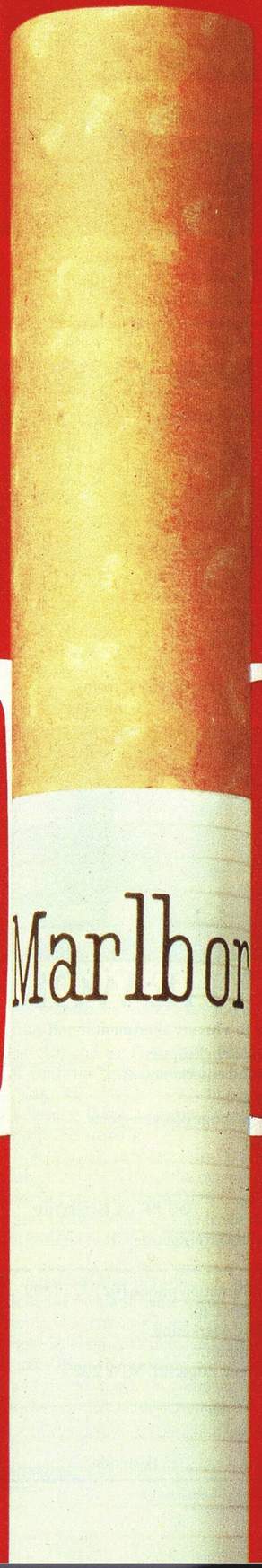

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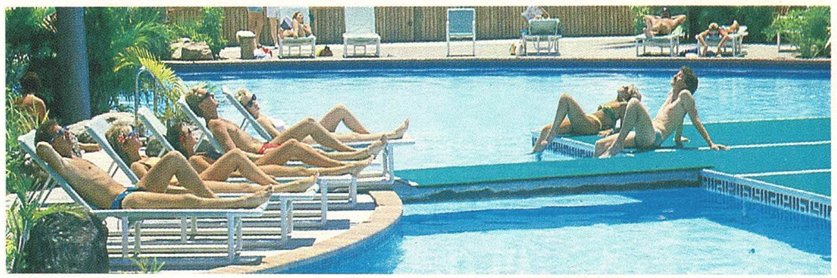

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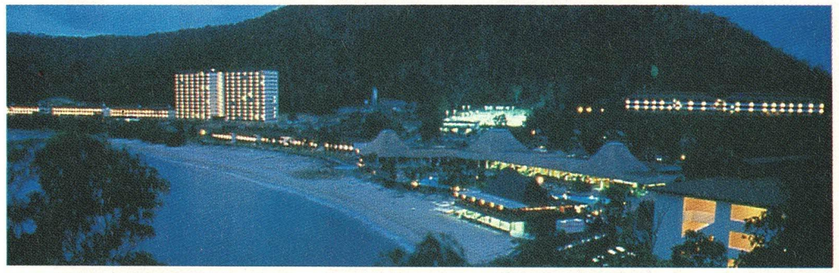

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PLAYBILL

It's Melbourne Cup month and, yes, we have a winning issue of *Australian Playboy* to put you in a racy mood. First away from the gate is our popular Playboy Interview, and what better subject than Australia's top jockey, Malcolm Johnston. Senior contributing editor **Phil Jarratt** quizzed the little chap about winning, losing, bouncing back and, of course, staying out in front. **John Knight** did the photography.

Someone who knows all about winning fans is Kevin Bloody Wilson. This outrageous performer's records sell like veritable hotcakes, he plays to packed houses, and yet his crudely funny music is banned on our airwaves. Believe it or not, Kev's second album has chalked up sales of around a quarter of a million, making it second only to John Farnham's *Whispering Jack* blockbuster in 1986-7. At the Australian Record Industry Awards, Kev said to John, "I'm fucking glad you didn't record a comedy album as well." To which Farnham replied, "And I'm glad you didn't get any airplay on your product!" Laughing all the way to the bank? You betcha!

Kevin Bloody Hilarious was written by **Bob Cussons** and illustrated by **Bill Leak.**

Merrill Shindler didn't find too much to smile about when his fiancee bailed out and left him to celebrate his marriage solo. His *Honeymoon For One* relates the sad-but-funny tale, and **Guy Billout** provided the artwork.

You'll be all smiles, however, when you assess the thoroughbred form of our *Australian Playboy* women this November. Former Miss World Silvana Suarez takes off her crown and a whole heap more in our first pictorial, shot by **Pompeo Posar.**

Voluptuous Brandi Brandt is our memorable Miss November, and Dolores Lopez, an expert horsewoman and trainee jockey, shows off her fabulous form. And, as a special surprise, we present **Arny Freytag**'s revealing pictorial of Donna Mills, star of the TV drama *Knot's Landing.*

Okay, settle down please. Back to some more great reading with *New-Wave Surfing*, **Phil Jarratt**'s account of the state of the Australian surfing industry. Whatever happened to our youth culture? As Jarratt discovered, even scruffy surfers have turned into squeaky-clean businessmen more interested in accumulating money than making waves.

And, in short, it's become hip to look, act and talk like a surfer, whether you're from Bondi or Bourke.

Into the home stretch and we have **Rudy Maxa**'s *Spy Wars,* a rivetting read that confirms those wily old Russians are masters at the art of prying. His article is accompanied by **Jeffrey Richelson**'s *Who's Bugging Who?,* a field guide to listening devices. **Parviz Sadighian** did the artwork.

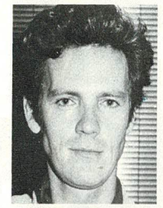
In *The Great Cricket Debate,* two Test stars, **David Hookes** and **Kerry O'Keeffe**, argue for and against the pyjama game. It's been a decade since Packer introduced World Series Cricket and changed the face of this game in Australia. In this lively debate, Hookes defends the Packerisation of cricket while O'Keeffe puts the case against.

Frants Kantor illustrated this hard-hitting feature.

Almost to the finishing post and there's **Rob Luck**'s preview of the Adelaide Formula One circus, *Grand Prix Countdown.* **Vitek** presents the new looks in summer fashion, and our regular columns cover a swag of topics from the growing popularity in Australia of indoor sports and the lowdown on company takeovers to leg-opener drinks and how to live with a woman.

Across the line and *Australian Playboy* is lengths ahead of the rest of the field.

Open some champagne, somebody.



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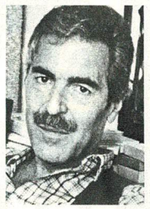

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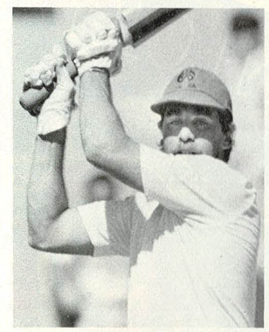

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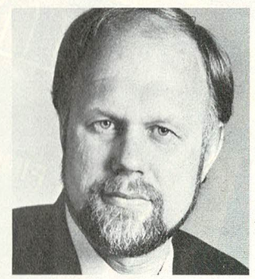

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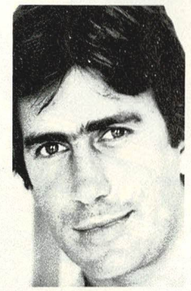

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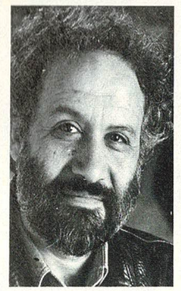

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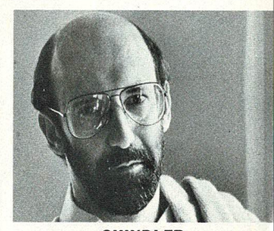

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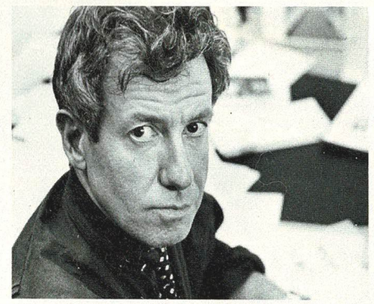

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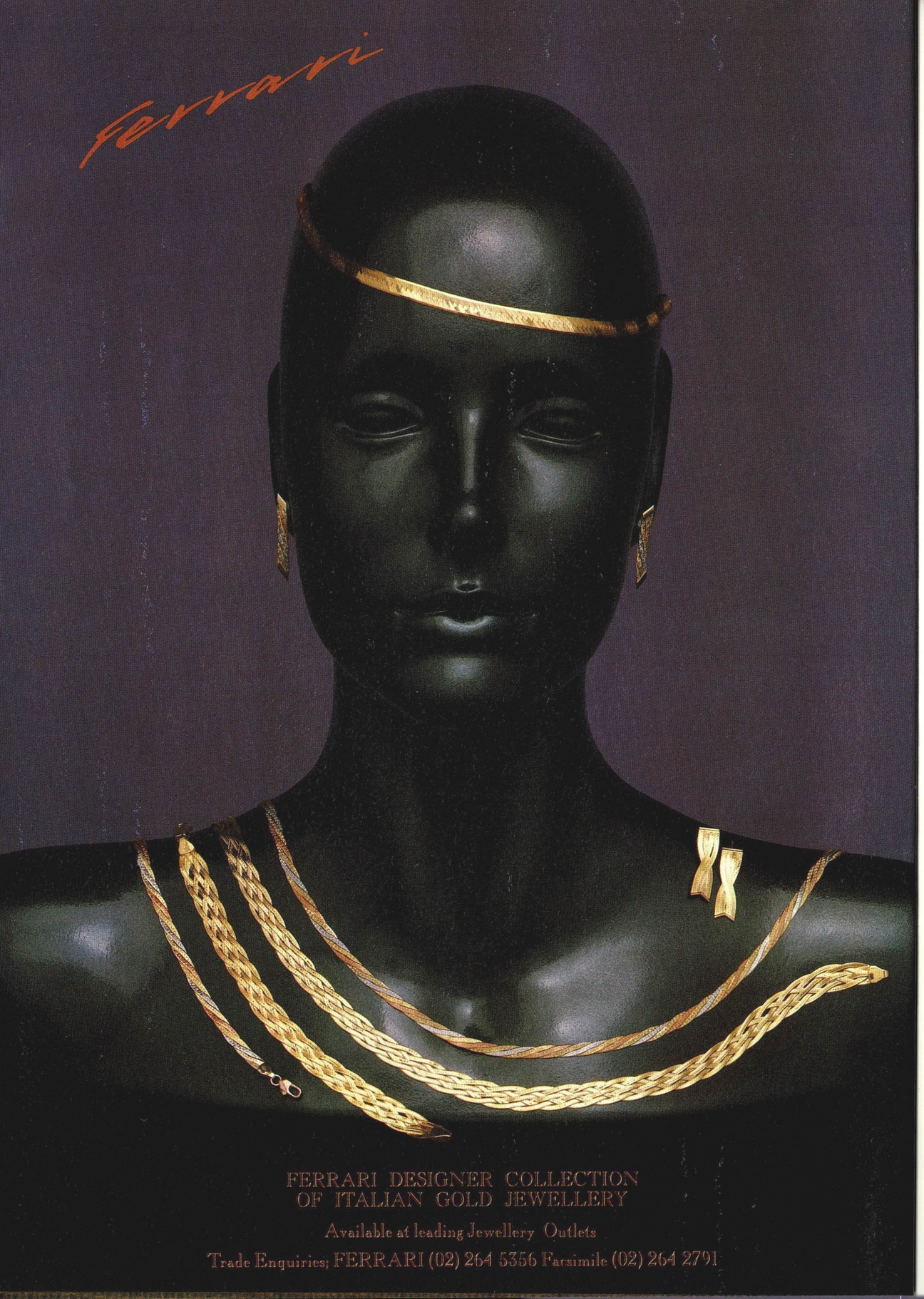
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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AIDS HYSTERIA

At last, an article that talks a little sense on the subject of AIDS (*A Calm Look At Aids*, August). I was beginning to think Phillip Adams was the sole voice of reason amid all the general hysteria.

Sure, I'm interested in theories about how it all started (was it a chance release of germ warfare material, or was it spread by injections of the hepatitis vaccine?). But really, that's all water under the bridge. What we need to be clear about is how it's being spread *now*, without all the bullshit.

It is ludicrous to see all those panic-mongering Grim Reaper adverts and realise they made no mention of anal sex. Okay, we certainly don't want to start some homosexual witch-hunt — after all, they are the ones who are hardest hit, and are doing their damnedest to rectify the situation. But it is so refreshing (not to mention quite a relief) to now read expert opinion which confirms the obvious — that it is probably virtually impossible for a male to contract AIDS from a female under normal circumstances (ie without anal sex and the presence of open wounds).

Why obvious? Well, frankly, because otherwise we'd all have contracted it already. After all, we've all been screwing around like crazy since the sexual revolution of the '60s, and at one time bisexuality was all the go for long enough to have ensured AIDS transferred freely from the homosexual to the heterosexual population.

No, this isn't the Middle Ages — leaving aside the scare tactics, there's a sheer logic to blood being the main carrier — through delicate membranes which wound easily or via needles which are contaminated. It certainly explains the heterosexual epidemic in areas of Africa where clitorectomy is practised and anal sex is an accepted alternative, and where needles are used in all manner of circumstances.

S.J.,
Proserpine, Qld.

PIZZA ADDICTS

I've been eating pizzas all my life and while I've come across some pretty waitresses in my time, I've never met one of the amazing beauty (and proportions) of your *Sharry Supreme*, the *delicious* Miss Konopski from your September issue.

How about using edible paper for future pictorials of this kind? The voluptuous Sharry is certainly good enough to eat.

P. Y.,
Bowral, NSW.

Your pizza parlor waitress with the works, Sharry Konopski, is a *dream*. How could anyone concentrate on eating a pizza with someone as amazing as Sharry serving at the table?

I'd like a pizza supreme, please, with a side-order of Sharry. Failing that, an extra slice, thanks, on the Dear Playboy page.

Craig F.,
Broadbeach, Qld.

Here's the delicious Miss Konopski. She says she didn't realise our readers were cannibals, but she's happy to toss you guys a special pizza any time you like — Ed.

MAD ABOUT JUNE

Congratulations to Susan Kurosawa for her article on manners in the June Women column. At last, with a smile, I find out what I have been doing wrong all these years.

In the same issue, the article *Sixty Seconds Over Tripoli* by Andrew Cockburn made for very informative reading. It's difficult to know who to believe when watching or reading the news these days. The only outcome of the whole affair is that over the past year there seem to have been fewer terrorist attacks on innocent people.

As usual, the jokes and girls in June *Australian Playboy* were great but I'm still waiting for a Girls of Adelaide pictorial.

David Bradshaw,
Dulwich, SA.

TAKE A BIKE

You've got some nerve running an article like *The Art Of Urban Cycling* (September) which encourages such blatant disregard for the law. All this talk of grown men on bikes weaving in and out of traffic and running the lights makes my blood boil.

How dare these people ride around on the roads inconveniencing motorists as though it was their God-given right? The poor car-driver has to pay a huge amount for his vehicle in the first place, then he has to register and re-register it at an exorbitant cost year after year, and all this before the question of paying for petrol comes up.

Then to make matters worse he has to sit in traffic jams getting poisoned by his own carbon monoxide fumes while these bloody little upstarts go whizzing past, and when he reaches his destination it is made more and more difficult for him to park without incurring huge fines, while these wimps just chain their machines to the nearest traffic sign.

It just makes me furious to see a minority get things so easy while law-biding taxpayers have to suffer so much aggravation. Do you wonder that we're tempted to cut in on them and try to make them crash? Only to see them manoeuvre behind us so easily!

And you're encouraging them. It's enough to make me buy a bike.

Bill P.,
Narrabeen, NSW.

The Art Of Urban Cycling in September was a great article on surviving in city traffic on a bike, something I've been trying to do with a certain amount of trepidation for a few years now. And John Knight gets top marks for his shot of the rider atop the taxi.

But the shots that really turned me on were the ones in your *Cycle Sweethearts* pictorial. If I came across any of those on my travels, I'd drive right off the road. I don't know which excited me more, the whizzers or their bare-arsed jockeys.

K.L.,
Minto, NSW.

I thought the *Cycle Sweethearts* pictorial in September was one of the most unusual and certainly one of the best you've done in *Australian Playboy*.

Also, I saw Ellen Stohl (August issue) on *The Ray Martin Show* on TV and I thought she was so natural and obviously very much in control of her life.

Has Ellen decided to settle in Australia? She mentioned on air that it was a possibility.

Bryan J.,
St. Ives, NSW.

Yes, Ellen is trying to buy some land here. Any offers, guys? — Ed.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

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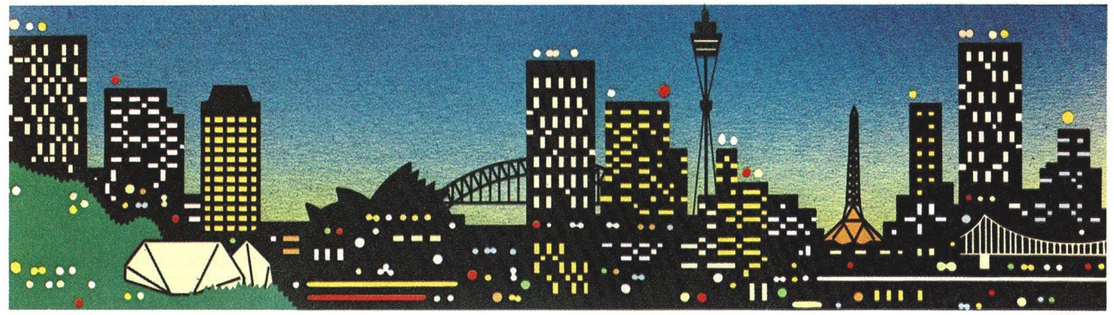
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CABINET RESHUFFLE

Ex-Minister For The Arts Barry Cohen enjoyed a great deal of support in the arts community during his last months of office, not least for the breadth of his imagination. At the press reception to announce the Australian Film Institute Award nominations, perhaps influenced ever so slightly by the impending election and rumors of his likely removal from the ministry, he proclaimed Bob Ellis's new film as *Warm Tights On A Slow Moving Train*.

Ellis's eyes are reported to have lit up, no doubt gleaming with chagrin that the best title he'd been able to come up with was *Warm Nights On A Slow Moving Train*.

Hopefully this had nothing to do with Cohen's demise at the hands of Mr Hawke. Indeed we trust that new boys to the portfolio John Brown and Graham Richardson will show a similar sense of creativity — after all, as our esteemed cultural attache, Sir Les Patterson, would say, this is the yartz.

WE DID SAY DUCK!

The jury listened in horror in a London court recently as they were told how diners in a restaurant had been "clubbed like seals" by waiters wielding sticks, baseball bats and wooden clubs. The attack came after a group of six were told that the crispy duck and spare ribs they had ordered were not available. When they said they were leaving and asked for the bill, the assault began.

We suspect the management had neglected to inform them that clubbed seal was on the menu for the second sitting — they were it.

BEWARE OF THE TOE-SUCKER

Some people will believe anything. When Michael Wyatt, a 22-year-old mechanic, entered J&S Maternity shop in Antelope Valley, California, and asked the sales clerk to remove her shoes and socks she swallowed his story that he was studying podiatry and obliged. Somewhat to her surprise he proceeded to lie on his stomach on the floor in front of her and began touching her feet. When he put her toes in his mouth the woman ran away. The toe-sucking mechanic was arrested a few weeks later at the construction site where he worked. The charge? Lewd conduct. "I believe it is not an isolated incident," said sheriff's detective Loyace Maudlin. She has received about 10 other calls from women who had been approached by a man who showed interest in their feet. At present the toe-sucker is released on bail, and that means good conduct — strangers' toes are definitely out of bounds.

CLEAN ROUND THE BEND OR WHAT?

A naked man ran through the streets of South Bend, Indiana, jumped into a woman's car, climbed a tree (we trust he got out of the car first), grabbed a policeman's gun and shot at other police who returned fire and wounded him.

We believe it was a perfectly natural response to getting caught without your knickers when you go out the front door for the milk and it slams behind you. It's happened to us all.

SIN IN THE EASTERN SUBURBS

It seems to us that Woollahra's Queen Street Fair was suspended just in the nick of time. They said that this once-annual event, set in one of Sydney's most fashionable suburbs, had to be brought to an untimely end because of yahoos causing trouble on the pavements outside the pubs, but clearly, when you organise brass bands to drum up custom at less-than-discreet knocking shops, things have gone a little too far!

Our thanks to enraged local resident Diana Dennison for this vital piece of evidence.

WHO WAS THAT MASKED MAN?

Britain's *Western Morning News* is an endless source of information on the minutiae of provincial life, not unlike novelist Jane Austen. A recent issue carried a story from the horse's mouth, as it were, on the preparations of one Miss Maud Stable for her sister's wedding, told in her own words.

"We have always been girls together," she said, "so I arranged for a mystery male stripper to appear at my sister Wendy's eve-of-wedding hen party at Bosigran's *Come Fly With Me* disco. We were all in a good mood when the stripper came on as the masked Lone Ranger and, when he was down to his polka-dot jock-strap, nobody shouted 'Get 'em off!' louder than our Wendy.

"But when he turned round to waggle his bottom, she gave a scream and buried her head in her hands, for there — on the right cheek — was the tattoo of a skunk that she recognised as belonging to her husband-to-be, Bertie Granger, who we all thought was a quiet-as-you-like trainee accountant."

Oh, for the days when a nice girl didn't know what was engraved on her prospective husband's bottom until the wedding night.

YOU DON'T SAY!

The *Turkish Daily News* has exposed some devious goings-on in the Land Of The Crescent Moon which demonstrate that it doesn't pay to take your football too seriously.

Mr Hakim Kara, chairman of the Turkish Football Association's rules committee, is reported as saying: "Although we are not going to expel the Kiyarbakir Deaf And Dumb Persons Eleven from the federation, they have been barred from the next season.

"And their striker, Ismail Kayar, has been sent before the disciplinary committee because, when he scored in the second half of an away game at Mardin, 20,000 people heard him shout 'Goal!' "

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BOOZE

Booze isn't the leg-opener it's cracked up to be but it can still add sparkle to a relationship.

Booze always has had an appalling name as far as sex is concerned. For starters there is the old knockabout public bar joke about brewer's droop. And as for gin being the trusted leg-opener, that might be true in theory, but in practice the poor female's legs only happen to be open because the rest of her resembles a blancmange with limp bits sticking out of it. A watermelon with a hole cut in it would give any greedy male firmer purchase (and about as much sexual interest, one might add).

The reason why booze doesn't work 90 percent of the time is quite simple. The average male, stunned into a state of insane lust by those sexy advertisements that the purveyors of anything from cask wine to $90-a-throw nine-star cognac keep on sticking in front of his eyeballs, gets it all a wee bit wrong. Like cigarette commercials these advertisements should carry warnings, such as: "If you give her more than three drinks she'll get hysterical and lock herself in the bog." Or perhaps: "If you have more than 10 drinks you'll fall under the table and she'll piss off with the waiter."

Moderation, my friends, moderation.

In fact, handled properly, alcohol can play a very important part in cementing a relationship. Because it acts as a relaxant or depressant, it can stop edginess, especially if it is the first night out for both of you. It *does* relax you, it *does* get rid of nerves. It also gets rid of awkwardness.

But before one starts to discuss sensual, sexy and even dirty drinks in detail, keep one thing firmly in mind. Booze never was and never will be an aphrodisiac. If anyone tells you it is, the bastard is lying.

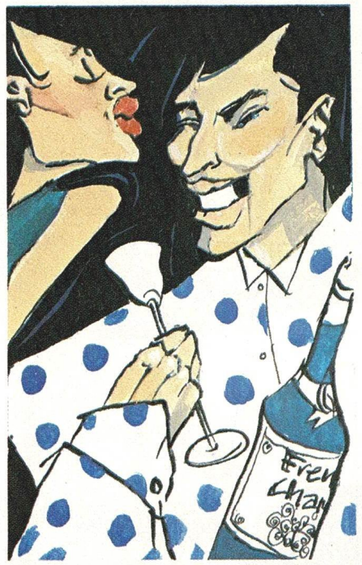
First and foremost on the list of come-on or dirty drinks is the venerable champagne. But it must be French — in other words true champagne. I have always favored Mumm's Cordon Rouge because I visited that company's champagne cellars some years ago and was treated with exquisite (and rather un-French) politeness, despite the fact I was wearing jeans and was also somewhat scruffy. Bollinger, Veuve Cliquot and Moet & Chandon, however, are the trendy labels in Australia at the moment.

Australia's own champagne has come rather a gutser at present, firstly because of discounting and secondly because idiotic winning sportsmen insist on pouring the stuff over their sweaty heads at the moment of victory. So despite the fact that dollar for dollar it really is far better value than the true French product, you are going to get no sexy smiles for a bottle of Aussie bubbles.

With a certain type of female, especially if you accompany the bottle with a large amount of caviar and serve it in the proper tulip-shaped glasses, it is guaranteed to get you into the sack, because what you are seeing in her eyes as you finish the bottle is not lust but greed and the hope of diamonds for afters. More normal women are quite simply flattered that you have taken the trouble to seek out something special for them, rather than propping at the nearest bottle shop and turning up with a dozen Foster's and a bag of prawns.

And I really don't believe that champagne flattery will ever disappear. There's just too much romance associated with it. It remains the world's greatest wooing wine.

For the pleasant and ungreedy female the caviar is not necessary but still nice. It is a bit of a fiddle, however, because it should be served in a glass container resting on a bed of crushed ice and accompanied by Melba toast, grated hard-boiled egg and slices of lemon. Don't go for anything else fishy. Smoked salmon, for instance, will ruin any wine. On the other hand, a few cheese straws (obtainable at any deli) or perhaps a few slices of Spanish or Italian raw ham served with rock-melon slices would be pleasant. This ham is sold at continental delis under the rough title of *prosciutto de Parma,* although it is locally made.



In any event, keep the snacks light. Both lust and romance are killed stone dead by stodge.

After the champagne, most drinks can be rather prosaic, but they all have their place, depending on what time of day it is. If you are thinking of lust in the morning there's really nothing better than a Bloody Mary, especially if it is a Bloody Mary with all the trimmings (that is, the celery stick, the addition of a little Tabasco and a good squeezing of lemon juice). Both tomatoes and celery have some standing among the gullible as aphrodisiacs; the tomato because early in its career it got mistakenly named as the love apple and celery simply because of its penis-like shape. Bloody funny penis with a bunch of leaves on top, one might remark. Perhaps an exotic condom may be more apt. The Tabasco is another matter. All hot chillis irritate the gut and this irritation *sometimes* works in a peculiar fashion.

What can be said is that the vodka relaxes and you get a little nourishment into the bargain. Use a good vodka, Russian for preference but otherwise at least Smirnoff. The no-name varieties can be a bit odd. Like all booze, you get what you pay for.

So now we've got both ends of the day taken care of: champagne for the twilight and vodka for the morning. And for God's sake don't drink champagne in the morning; you'll have a terrible day if you do.

Now for the rest of the day (or how to boost your chances between nine and five). Although I've never been awfully fond of anything American (including that country's women), I do dip me lid to one of their inventions — the high-ball or long alcoholic drink.

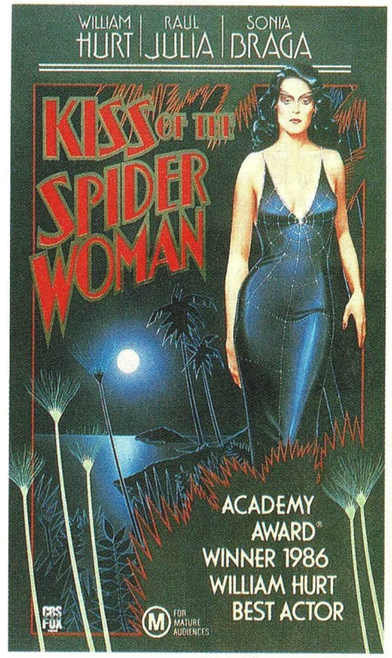
Now that we are getting into the really warm weather, any combination featuring either gin or rum is relaxing. Either one makes up my favorite verandah-with-a-view-plus-a luscious companion tipple. The mix is sugar to taste, fresh lime juice, soda and ice. These are drinks that go well with seafood, such as morsels of chilled crab, oysters or prawns that have previously been shelled and deveined. Have a little couth. Prawny fingers on a sun-warmed female bum are just not on. Once again brands count for all: in the gin line, Tanqueray, and in the rum division, Bacardi. Midday sensuousness with alcohol is quite different to the morning or evening variety.

But there are certain drinks to avoid. A double Bundy and Coke in a short glass is one of them, as is the dry martini. Both are all right for a drinking night but they are no damned good for a sex night. I'd also place all cocktails in this banned category. Most of them are lethal. Possibly they can be sweated out on the disco floor, but if you do that all you are left with is an early hangover. To my mind they are the real dirty drinks — they do the dirty on you.

Clean drinks and dirty talk, *that's* the way to success. —RICHARD BECKETT

ILLUSTRATION BY AMANDA UPTON

William Hurt gave up a salary of $2 million to make a movie he believed in. And you're trying to save $100 on a video recorder?


WILLIAM HURT | RAUL JULIA | SONIA BRAGA
KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN
ACADEMY AWARD® WINNER 1986 WILLIAM HURT BEST ACTOR
FOR MATURE AUDIENCES

William Hurt believed so much in the "Kiss Of The Spider Woman" that he did it for nothing.

As a major box office star, he could have asked for millions.

Instead, Hurt gambled on a share of the box office, and on his faith in his own performance.

The gamble paid off. The "Kiss Of The Spider Woman" is a smash hit. Its won critical acclaim all over the world for its sensitivity, its acting, its screenplay and its direction.

Hurt himself has won the three top "best actor" awards for his powerful portrayal of Molina, the film's central character, including the 1986 Academy Award. Obviously his great performance made it a great investment.

And we won't ruin the movie for you by giving away the plot.

We suggest you don't ruin it for yourself by watching it on a cheap video recorder.

One great performance deserves another.

When you look at all the work, the skill and the sacrifice that went into the making of "Kiss Of The Spider Woman", it makes sense to watch it on equipment that does it justice.

And while that doesn't necessarily mean the most expensive equipment around, it certainly doesn't mean the cheapest.

Ideally, a balance between performance and price is the answer.

And that's the philosophy that Akai have been working on in recent years.

The Akai VS-515 Hi-Fi Video Recorder is a perfect example of what can be achieved.

At $1299, it is slightly more expensive than comparable brands, but then, no part of it has been compromised to fit under a certain price point.

On the basis that you get what you pay for, the Akai VS-515 has four heads instead of two, producing better audio performance.

Because it uses the full width of tape instead of the minor portion as is usual for mono and stereo VCR's, you get a much more dynamic stereo sound.

In addition, this dynamic stereo Hi-Fi sound comes through Akai's highly reputed sound reproduction technology. And the picture quality is significantly improved through Akai's advanced HQ circuitry.

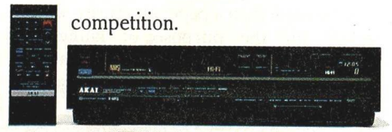
Further innovations include Akai's exclusive Interactive Monitoring System that puts all programming functions up big on the screen.

Plus a five-speed slow motion feature, tape-view system and unique child-lock and thief-lock function.

And whereas the industry standard is a 12-month warranty, the Akai VS-515 is covered by a three-year warranty (with one year on the video and audio heads).

The perfect team-mate for your Akai video recorder is the Akai CTK202 colour TV.

In sound, picture quality and features it's a cut above the competition.



And it also comes with a three-year full warranty.

You can see them both at your nearest Akai dealer.

Like William Hurt in "Spider Woman", we think you'll agree the extra performance is worth the extra investment.

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MONEY

Today's takeovers are financed with borrowed money. And you don't need to be a millionaire to do it.

Tired of that old nine-to-five grind? Ready to make some really big money? Here's what to do. Get your mates to empty their savings accounts, add your own money, and make an offer to take over BHP. Of course, your pooled resources only constitute the deposit; the rest of the purchase price (a few billion dollars) must be borrowed from the bank or other cash-rich financial institutions.

But don't worry, they will lend you the money so long as you promise to use BHP's cash and credit to pay back the loan. (And, if that's not sufficient, you can always sell off an oil well or two.)

If your takeover bid succeeds, you and your friends will be the proud owners of an industrial and mining empire. If you fail, you can still look forward to a profit from your share transactions.

I know what you're thinking: too many years slaving over a hot word processor — he's finally gone mad. But some of Australia's most famous businessmen know that fortunes can be made.

The past decade has seen dramatic changes to the takeover game. In the past, own company buy-outs were instigated by large corporations. In contrast, today's corporate raider is more likely to be a financier whose company, at least at the outset, is little more than a paper enterprise set up solely for the purpose of launching takeovers. Ten years ago, takeover targets were chosen because they owned assets a larger company coveted or because of their technological expertise or marketing success. After the takeover, the new company was absorbed into the operations of the parent.

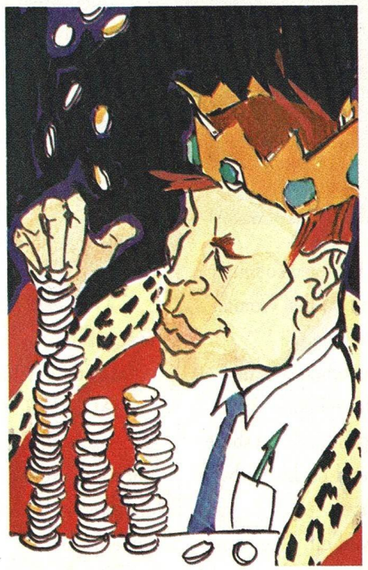
The new breed of takeover mastermind is not interested in keeping the acquired company intact. Instead, his strategy is to borrow 90 percent or more of the purchase price and then to use the company's cash flow or the sale of its assets to reduce the debt.

He may also have the company issue bonds and use the returns to pay off borrowings. Because bonds themselves are a type of loan, this latter manoeuvre is simply borrowing from Peter to pay Paul. No wonder these bonds are known as junk bonds and are given low ratings by investment analysts.

The only way to get investors to buy junk bonds is to provide a high yield (that is, pay a lot of interest). Yields are so high that banks and other financial institutions will often agree to buy junk bonds before a takeover is even announced (provided, of course, that the bid is successful). Organising such a pre-takover guarantee is known as selling the "junk up front".

Because the new-style takeovers are financed with borrowed money, even the largest company can fall prey to the puniest buyer. But not all companies are equally vulnerable. Takeover raiders look for a company whose shares sell at a discount when compared with the value of its underlying assets. Imagine, for example, a retailing company that has issued 10 million shares currently selling on the stock exchange for $3 each. This means that the market thinks the company is worth $30 million. Now, among its other assets, the company just happens to own a chain of stand-alone shops whose value as real estate is $40 million. This means that the company's shares are selling at a $10 million discount compared with its assets.

Although it sounds strange, it is not at all uncommon for companies to be valued at less than their "true" value. Stock-market prices are mainly determined by a company's earnings or its cash flow. Assets are largely irrelevant because, to realise their value, they must be sold. And once that's done, there may be no more company. (What good is being a retailer without any shops?) Investors know company directors are unlikely to voluntarily sell off all assets and put themselves out of work. On the other hand, that's just what the raiders threaten to do.



Understandably, the directors of target companies often oppose takeover bids. After all, it's their jobs that are at stake. The senior managers of many large corporations are salaried executives, not founders or entrepreneurs. Frequently, they own few or no shares in the company. Knowing there is little chance the new owners will wish to keep paying them their high salaries, or to continue financing their business trips to Europe, company cars, boats and planes, some directors hold on to their company by paying "greenmail". A legal form of blackmail, greenmail occurs when a company buys back its shares from the raider at a price far higher than he originally paid. In effect, the directors give the raider money to go away.

Because greenmail is paid out of company funds, shareholders do not always approve. But shareholders are not necessarily the directors' first priority. This is evidenced not only by their willingness to pay greenmail but also by the so-called "poison pill" manoeuvre in which directors purposely devalue their company to make it less attractive as a takeover target, even though this makes it less valuable to its shareholders.

Although they are often decried by politicians and other social commentators, it is not at all clear that takeovers are a bad thing. They are, for example, an excellent way of restructuring industry and making it more efficient. Under-used assets are flushed out and put to work, albeit often for another company. In addition, takeover bids almost always result in increased share prices (sometimes they double or triple in value), creating more equity for shareholders.

Because a company's share price tends to rise when it becomes a takeover target, it follows that you can make money by buying shares in companies that are likely to become targets some time in the future. Indeed, an entire group of professional investors, the arbitragers, spend their lives seeking out potential takeover targets. Unfortunately, making money this way requires at least some degree of inside information. The average investor, who gets all his information from newspapers, is best advised to stick to companies that are worth buying on their own merits and to consider takeover offers a pleasant, but unpredictable, bonus.

Finally, if you are tempted to take the advice given earlier and launch a takeover of BHP, remember that the strategy of buying companies with borrowed money is only successful in times of economic growth and inflation (when debts are repaid with depreciated dollars). Should the economy move toward recession, you may find yourself with a company so saddled with debt that it cannot meet its obligations. When this happens to enough companies, the fad of heavily geared company takovers will simply die away. — SETH GREGORY

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WOMEN

To successfully conduct a courtship you need great strength and astonishing resilience.

The manoeuvring and the strategies are so difficult that I've needed three full-time advisers, not to mention my family doctor. Not, dear reader, that it will work out. I know it won't, I'm not kidding myself, but I do find it fascinating and dizzying and some of the toughest work I've ever done. To conduct successful courtship procedures you need the iron will of a four-star general and the resilient flexibility of Mikhail Baryshnikov.

I'm not talking about dating. We know how I feel about dating: an execrable practice only suitable for teenagers and morons. No, I'm referring to that magical time that comes in a woman's life when a man likes her very much, and she likes him very much back.

You know, big trouble.

I got through the evening of meeting him and the entire next day without any assistance whatsoever. It amazes me how people are initially attracted to one another because they feel they could tell each other anything, everything; and then within minutes this initial attraction frightens them so much that every ensuing syllable and act is fraught to the breaking point with most intense significance.

I remember nothing much about any of our conversations, besides a certain easiness, until the first time he kissed me. From then on, I remember every word, every gesture, every sigh.

So I saw him two nights in a row, and then the next day I picked up the phone to consult my cronies.

"Jane," I said, "I've met someone. I really like him."

"AAAAAHHH!" she screamed, just as I'd expected.

She questioned me relentlessly, had to know all the details. "Okay," she said, "I like the sound of this one. This could be the one. But you've got your work cut out for you.

"You're seeing him tonight, then going away for a week? Perfect. He'll worry about what you're doing."

"I'm sending him a postcard. I've already composed it."

"Well, of course you have! Saying what exactly?"

"'Wish you were here.' Eloquent? Should I sign 'love'? Or just my name?" (This was not an idle question. I spent two hours agonising over this point. "Love" or no "love"? Maybe "love" was too effusive, maybe no "love" was curt.)

"No 'love'," she said. "You don't want to be too available."

Then I told Cleo, who had to know the exact year, day and hour that he was born. "He's 35, born in May? He's a dragon, and a snake. Dragon is good, snake is bad for you, since you're a pig." Cleo lives for Chinese astrology.

"I have to meet him immediately," she continued. "We want to make sure he knows you have people to protect you if he does you wrong."

I told Brendan, who introduced us, that this guy actually got my jokes, I could talk to him.

"Fuck! What have I done?" Brendan said. "You are in deep shit."

My review board has had daily progress reports. I am beyond unsure; with my track record I am convinced that every single instinct I have is guaranteed perverse. I've hardly made a move without triple consultation.

ME: What should I wear?

JANE: Do you have a skirt? Look feminine, show your legs.

CLEO: I think it's safe by now to show your upper arms; he must have noticed. Wear the black tank top.

BRENDAN: Some of that, you know, girly shit.

GP: What do *you* want to wear?

The worst was when he didn't call for a couple of days. I went spare. Couldn't relax, couldn't work, stared into nothingness, hated myself, thought I was mental, found out I wasn't.

"Before I was married, I used to stare at the phone for hours, smoking cigarettes," my book-keeper told me, "just waiting for it to ring. I was so nervous I couldn't move. We're all like that."

"Listen, my little kumquat-brain," Jane said, "Larry used to wait four days before calling. It was his policy. I went completely insane! I would run to the store, buy a litre of ice cream, come home, eat the lot, anything to keep myself together. He's definitely going to call you, don't worry."

"I'm going to call him."

"Don't you dare! Look, I'm coming over. Don't do anything you'll regret until I get there."

She took me to a Mexican restaurant. "Do not call him. I don't care about feminism, men need a chase. And when he does call, which he will, be absolutely adorable and friendly, as if you've been so busy you didn't even notice he hadn't called. This will drive him insane. Trust me."

I listened. This is a girl who just married the love of her life.

"But Jane," I quibbled weakly, "I feel weird about all this game-playing. It's so immature."

"Darling, this is *not* a game. This is courtship. Courtship is the hardest job in your life. It's serious, and you must take it seriously."

"Call him and say, 'You arsehole, why haven't you called me?'" said Cleo with undue vehemence.

"Don't call him; wait," said Brendan.

"What do *you* want to do?" said my GP considerately.

I waited. And this is weird but, every hour I waited, I got stronger. I have always felt that waiting makes you feel passive and weak.

But I waited and I could feel feminine power grow and settle deep into my bones. (Phew!)

During this process I discovered what I have been doing wrong all these years. Relationships thrive or die because of power and control. I have always felt powerless (thanks, mum and dad) and then tried my damnedest to control my romances, to get the power I never thought I had.

My advisers, well-meaning friends and consultants, nine times out of 10 counselled me to do nothing.

This was madly difficult. I have wanted to make a million phone calls, pick a million fights, start a million wars.

But I have learned to control myself, instead of the other person, and now I feel like a goddamned rock with feelings. Well, a fuzzy kind of rock. A sort of gelatinous, fuzzy stone with pretentions to being a boulder. It is just possible that I am growing up at last.

I have a sinking feeling that it probably won't work out, but what the hell.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

MEN

What happened to that carefree life of yours? It disappeared when you moved in with her.

A happy domestic scene.The man of the house is calmly and precisely ironing his girlfriend's voluminous skirt as he whistles the tune of Madonna's pouting *Material Girl*. She is at work earning her all-important second income while he contentedly ploughs through the housework. Who is this wimp, this weirdo, this suburban softie? Look closer — it's me!

Where, you may ask, is the rowdy, drunken womaniser we all knew and respected? Where is the free-spirited, fiercely independent terrorist of land and sea? Surely he was bounding around, larger than life, only a year ago? I have to shrug and admit that yes, it's still me, only shrunk back to human size, a bit quieter and a touch less visible. You see I moved in with my girlfriend and haven't been the same since.

It's quite amazing what a transformation the simple process of cohabitation can wreak on your life. Imperceptible at first when you live in a gentle romantic mist full of candlelight and port. In that early stage you charmingly welcome breakfast in bed, though you know the physical discomfort far outweighs the culinary delight. Soon, however, your old, simple life seems to whizz off into the distance as you become enveloped in a new and complicated one. It's like Bugs Bunny standing at the window of the spaceship helplessly watching the earth become a faint speck as he realises he's got his burrows mixed up.

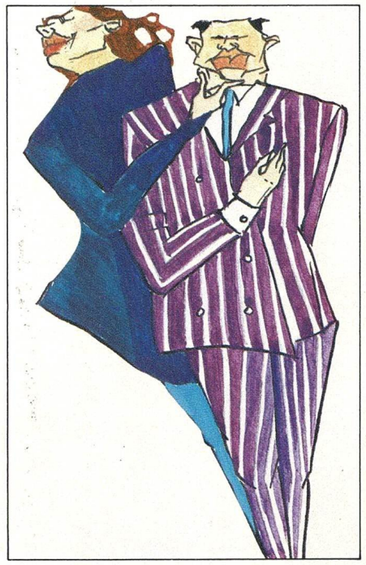
Housework becomes the skeleton upon which your new life hangs. Your ineptitude and ignorance are immediately made obvious to you. "The iron won't burn the clothes if you put some water in it," she squawks.

My efforts to hang a simple shirt on a clothesline once had three women cackling in unsuppressed hilarity for several painful minutes. Not any more! You learn to iron collars first, rinse the detergent from glasses and wipe the dogshit from your shoes. Cleaning becomes a matter of style and technique, not merely sloshing around. Strangely enough you find yourself becoming quite proficient at housework and, even more perversely, you sometimes *enjoy* it. A load of ironing can be done in a single night instead of a staggered, frustrating week and the washing is no longer marred by shredded tissues, undissolved soap powder and ugly smells.

A basic job-sharing rule emerges, cunning yet simple. Everyone has their turn to do everything except for certain jobs which are the inalienable domain of the man of the house. At first glance this appears reasonable, appealing as it does to your sense of chivalry (which is your thinly disguised male superiority shield) but on closer inspection it turns out to be a mechanism for your oppression by females. The range of "certain jobs" covers anything heavy, dirty or remotely dangerous, such as sifting through garbage bins at midnight searching for a stay-sharp knife which was thrown out with the garlic bread.

You have transcended "pigging-out". You are now a gourmet. Eating is no longer a matter of satisfying hunger, it is a richly rewarding adventure. Gone are the days when a visit to a restaurant was a rare and vaguely uncomfortable experience. Feeling strangely over-dressed, you were determined to exact total value by demolishing everything put in front of you and anything half edible left on the plates of those nearby.

Now you are a "restaurant-goer". Waiters greet you by name and bring "the usual". "Dining out" has replaced "getting pissed" as the building block of your social life. You now have the savoir-faire to realise the waitress is smiling at you because she's paid to smile, not because she fancies you. When you scrutinise the menu you don't run through the price column first, wincing at each painful alternative. Hell, money is no object when you're indulging your passion for haute cuisine.



Similarly, the standard of your own cooking rises. The humble train smash is not enough! You must experiment and learn, thumbing through lavishly illustrated cookbooks until it's too late to cook anything and you must go to a restaurant. You can no longer get fat on $15 worth of raw materials per week. A trip to the supermarket for "essentials" costs $80 and yields enough for one breakfast and half a dinner. In the old days you'd sit down and drink all those cans of beer in the fridge, then suddenly realise there was very little else in there. These days there's still very little food in the refrigerator and even less beer. It's littered with little cling-wrapped packages containing terrine (no, not the rugged type you attack in a 4WD), camembert and yak's trotters. Expensive but indispensable, the trappings of your luxurious lifestyle. The big glass refrigerated cabinet at the local deli has become a source of drooling instead of revulsion. You eat less but it costs more.

Another of your newly acquired attributes is a sense of style. You are now a *snappy dresser*. Your carefully maintained sloppy look has gone the way of the dinosaurs, down the paleolithic plughole. You are gripped by neo-modernistic verve and panache. Why, even your neon-striped briefs are color-coordinated. And ironed for Chrissake! New clothes infiltrate your wardrobe with horrific regularity. The Smith Family sends a truck and four burly lads round once a week to load up your cast-offs. You have on lay-by one of those jackets made of the type of lumpy fabric they never used to even think of making jackets out of, with a matching stethoscope tie. The evidence of the little lady is irrefutable — you do wear *that* shirt with *those* pants. She now borrows *your* hair gel!

Best of all, you are now a *household diplomat*, an understander of female idiosyncrasies. You now have a unique insight into the famous "female psyche" which allows you to develop tricks of self-preservation without ever hoping to understand the beast which is attacking you.

The most important of these is the "ignore the obvious" ploy. For example, when she says, "God, I'm fat!", she really wants you to compliment her on her stunning figure. You must vehemently refute her statement. Non-committal silence is not enough. On no account must you agree, using a reply such as, "What happened to that fuckin' diet you were on last week?" Survival by avoiding confrontation is the key to successful cohabitation.

Living together is, above all, an education, an opportunity to study the opposite sex at close quarters in comparative safety, under laboratory conditions so to speak. Of course there are those who get a bit too close, let the situation run out of hand and bear the scars for life. Some even get married!

— ROB REYNOLDS

ILLUSTRATION BY AMANDA UPTON

"There are two things about him I'll never forget.
One of them is Menāge."

JWT072P1613K2

Some
things
linger
in
a
woman's
memory.

SPORT

Toss away that suntan cream and towelling hat. All our favorite sports are moving indoors.

Forget the zinc cream, throw away your floppy hat and get ready to mix it with the new breed. Sports fanatics are heading indoors in droves to participate in a wide range of games, some of which are synonymous with the great outdoors.

The sporting revolution of the early 1980s has now taken a firm grip and heading the list of the close-quarters pretenders are indoor cricket, soccer, baseball, softball, hockey and motocross. Throw in the established indoor sports — basketball, squash and badminton — and, hey, where the hell has our sun-bronzed Aussie image gone?

Why would cricket, a game so much a part of our outdoor sporting culture, complete with sticky wickets, flies and blazing skies, suddenly head indoors? The answer lies principally in player involvement, which the rules of the game guarantee. Every member of the eight-man team must bowl two overs and, with his batting partner, must face a compulsory four overs from the opposition. This allows for the person who rarely shone at the outdoor game — he who watched the grass grow at third man and struggled for a bat at 10 or 11 — to grab a piece of the action.

No need for the covers or the heavy roller between innings: we're talking synthetic surfaces here. This game, played on a court not much bigger than the tennis variety and totally encased by super-taut nets, simply thumbs its nose at the weather. Gone are the days of sitting on your bum in the pavilion while it bucketed down outside. And even if the sun does shine on those flannelled fools outdoors, the indoor version wins outright by being a faster, less time-consuming game. Can the drinks break, chaps, and forget that long haul to stumps — this game is over in an hour and a half!

Since its inception eight years ago, indoor cricket has caught on as quickly as a sizzling slips catch. The game not only attracts a massive Aussie following, it has proved a hit with the poms, kiwis and South Africans. In fact, indoor cricket has even reached the baseball diehards of New York City. Simply put, indoor cricket's thriving — howzat!

The indoor revolution has continued with the yanks' favorite summer sport, baseball, heading for the indoor circuit. Shock, horror! It's enough to make Babe Ruth turn in his grave. But it's catching on here in Oz and is bound to be a winner.

Indoor soccer is another big improver in the weather-proof stakes. And it's doing terrible things to its fresh air/green grass counterpart. Governed by international rules and deemed a court game, indoor soccer is played on any flat surface 36 x 20 metres; it's five players a side battling it out for just 20 minutes a half. Five fouls and you're off for cheating.

The growth of this sport is simply amazing. From modest beginnings in 1971 — thereby preceding all other forms of indoor sport — this caper had attracted 48,000 players Australia-wide by 1982 and now boasts roughly 100,000. Ten percent of these are females and the overall majority (60 percent) are young coves under 18 years. And venues? No problem. Fifty indoor courts cater to NSW's 35,000 players and there are 189 venues across Australia.

But why is it so popular? Simple. Little Johnny gets to play a lot more soccer by fronting up for the indoor game than he does outside. And his skills develop far quicker.

A fascinating survey conducted over a season's competition with a team of 12-year-olds showed that on average an indoor soccer player receives the ball from a teammate 160 times per game. And that simply pisses all over the 30 times per game the outdoor soccer player gets the ball. And that is the real appeal of indoor sport — participation. Everyone gets a go.

But indoor soccer isn't just for kids. The James Hardie-sponsored National Indoor Soccer League for men's seniors is a thriving competition. These guys battle it out each week and from their ranks comes the Australian team. Yes, we've actually got an indoor Aussie soccer team which competes on an international level.

Mind you, indoor sport participation is one thing but being a spectator is another. Indoor motocross is the perfect example because it owes its existence to one basic factor: money. The outdoor version of motocross has just about been priced out of existence, thanks to the dollar floaters in Canberra. The cost of an 80cc bike is now what a 250cc was four years ago: about $1700. And the rest of the kit (helmets, boots and leathers) will now set you back roughly $2000.

These money problems are reflected in the drop-off of interest in outdoor motocross. In NSW, where there used to be 30 to 40 major events per year, there are now only about 14. So what does a smart entrepreneur do? He grabs the sport, markets it properly and takes it indoors. The result? Fabulously well attended, riotous extravaganzas at indoor venues such as the Sydney Entertainment Centre. And don't the fans love it! But, more importantly, don't the sponsors love it. The action's hot, it's fast, the fans are close, there are spills galore and as Mr Motocross sails through the air the photographer catches him silhouetted against a gigantic Toohey's advertisement. Great stuff.

Indoor sport provides faster games for busy people on the move between work and home, and in convenient locations. Additionally, the facilities offered at indoor sports centres are far better than those found at most ball parks. The venues are like giant supermarkets of sport. They frequently combine cricket, soccer, baseball, squash, weight training and aerobics. Showers, saunas, spas, cafeterias and TV sets are laid on free.

Apart from social and physical considerations, there's another powerful reason for the indoor sporting revolution: our nation's international sporting prowess is at great risk. We achieved considerable world success during the middle part of this century because we were simply very good at outdoor sports. Our mild climate was ideal for hours and hours of training, but the poor souls in Europe were freezing their tennis balls off. However, with more money being poured into sport in recent decades, they've taken their games to weather-proof indoor courts, pools or whatever and subsequently thrived.

Tennis is a great example. Anyone suggesting the Northern European climate is conducive to spending plenty of time practising outside would be laughed out of court. But, Christ, those Swedish guys can play tennis. The indoor practice and refining of skills is making them terrific outdoor players.

And besides, playing indoor sport leaves you so much more time for other, er, active indoor pursuits.

— VINCENT MACCALLUM

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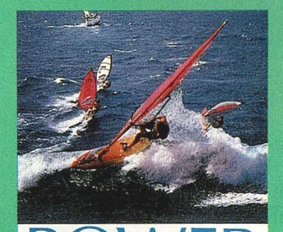

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SHOWBIZ

Nicholson dabbles with the three sexiest witches of all time, and 007 formula gets a facelift.

BLACK AND MIDNIGHT HAGS: Well, not quite. Indeed, **Susan Sarandon**, **Cher** and **Michelle Pfeiffer** must be the three sexiest, most gorgeous witches in history. All it needs is "your average horny little devil" like Daryl Van Horne (played for all he's worth by **Jack Nicholson**) to bring it out. We're talking about Alex, Jane and Sukie, *The Witches Of Eastwick*, that tantalising trio who were the subject of **John Updike**'s novel (excerpted by *Australian Playboy* in June 1984). And what tricks they get up to! At first they are simply three divorcees living in a sleepy New England town devoid of eligible men. They only gradually become aware of their power when they're together — what they wish for has an uncanny knack of coming true. But to actually wish for the man of their dreams is going a little too far, because what they conjure up, being the

Pfeiffer, Sarandon and Cher: a tantalising trio of wicked witches.

product of their supernatural powers and their weird imaginations, is too devilish for their own good. At first their relationship with Van Horne is quite idyllic, but soon his possessiveness becomes so destructive they are forced to conspire to do away with him. *The Witches Of Eastwick* is *Mad Max* director **George Miller**'s first big shot at Hollywood and he acquits himself admirably, especially in those final scenes where the three witches mix their spells to get rid of the embarrassing Van Horne. But his overall handling of what is essentially an American comedy of manners is so assured that it would be very hard to pick him as an Aussie ex-quack. The three women are excellent; Nicholson is in his element, getting Van Horne's naive fiendishness just right without resorting to the eye-rolling tactics of *The Shining*, but it is Miller's film. Ironically it is already a smash in the States, making far more than any of the *Mad Maxes* despite all the hullabaloo they caused.

●

IDOL GOSSIP: **Mick Jagger** hired **John Napier**, set designer of *Starlight Express* and *Les Miserables*, to design the set for his solo world tour. . . Where was **Ringo** during the 20th anniversary celebrations for *Sgt Pepper* at Abbey Road Studios? Watching his sons **Zack** and **Jason** play drums at a South London club. So much for the generation gap. . . **Sting** will star in *Stormy Monday* with **Melanie Griffith** and **Tommy Lee Jones**. . . **Joan Jett** is considering a role in **Ron Howard**'s next movie and reading a lot of scripts. Even though her **Michael J. Fox** co-starrer *The Light Of Day* was pretty disastrous it was clear that she could act. . . **Kris Kristofferson** says a '60s-style road movie is being planned based on the hit he wrote for **Janis Joplin**, *Me And Bobby McGee*, with **Dennis Hopper** directing. Suddenly that man is everywhere.

MOVIE SCORECARD

Capsule close-ups of current releases by graham barry

Blind Date Bruce Willis gives Kim Basinger a drink and the result is dynamite — until it fizzles out. ¥¥

Dragnet Dan Aykroyd revamps Joe Friday with all due respect, and a straight face, and he's never been so funny. ¥¥¥¥

From The Hip Yuppie lawyer Judd Nelson grandstands his way to fame but real ethics win out. Patchy. ¥¥

Gardens Of Stone Pseudo-patriotism, overacting and sentimentality in dollops at Arlington Cemetery. Oh, Coppola! ¥

La Bamba A rock'n'roll classic comes to life, along with its creator, the late Richie Valens. ¥¥¥

Nightmare On Elm Street 3 Freddy's back! This time the special effects will scare the pants off you. ¥¥¥¥

Predator Forget Arnold Schwarzenegger. Only the monster is worth while in this *Rambo*-sci-fi mix. ¥

Raising Arizona Childless ex-cop and her ex-crim hubby kidnap a quintuplet — one won't be missed! Whacky. ¥

Roxanne is the wondrous Daryl Hannah, Steve Martin her modern-day Cyrano. Very funny. Very romantic. ¥¥¥¥

The Big Easy Cop Dennis Quaid and DA Ellen Barkin catch the baddies — and make great sexual chemistry. ¥¥¥¥

The Secret Of My Success Laugh now with Michael J. Fox and worry about it later. ¥¥

The Untouchables Eliot Ness (Kevin Kostner) beats Al Capone (Robert De Niro) again with help from Sean Connery. ¥¥¥¥

Withnail And I Down and out in London and points west with two demented actors. Outrageous. ¥¥¥¥

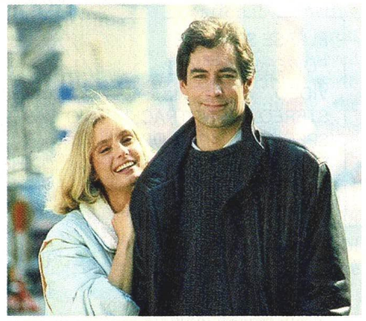
¥¥¥¥¥ Outstanding

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

NEWSBREAKS: New categories have been added to the Grammy Awards: best motion picture score album, motion picture song, country vocal duet, contemporary blues recording. Haven't they got enough already?. . . Look out for new albums from **The Alarm, Depeche Mode, Hunters And Collectors, Roy Orbison** and **Talk Talk**. . . A soundtrack video will follow the already completed *Memphis Tribute* video; then in 1988 you'll see it on TV, with **Mickey Thomas** and **Sam Moore** doing *Hold On, I'm Coming*, **Dave Edmunds** covering **Otis Redding**'s *Can't Turn You Loose* and **Billy Preston** singing *Midnight Hour*, Plus **Steve Cropper** presiding over the house band.

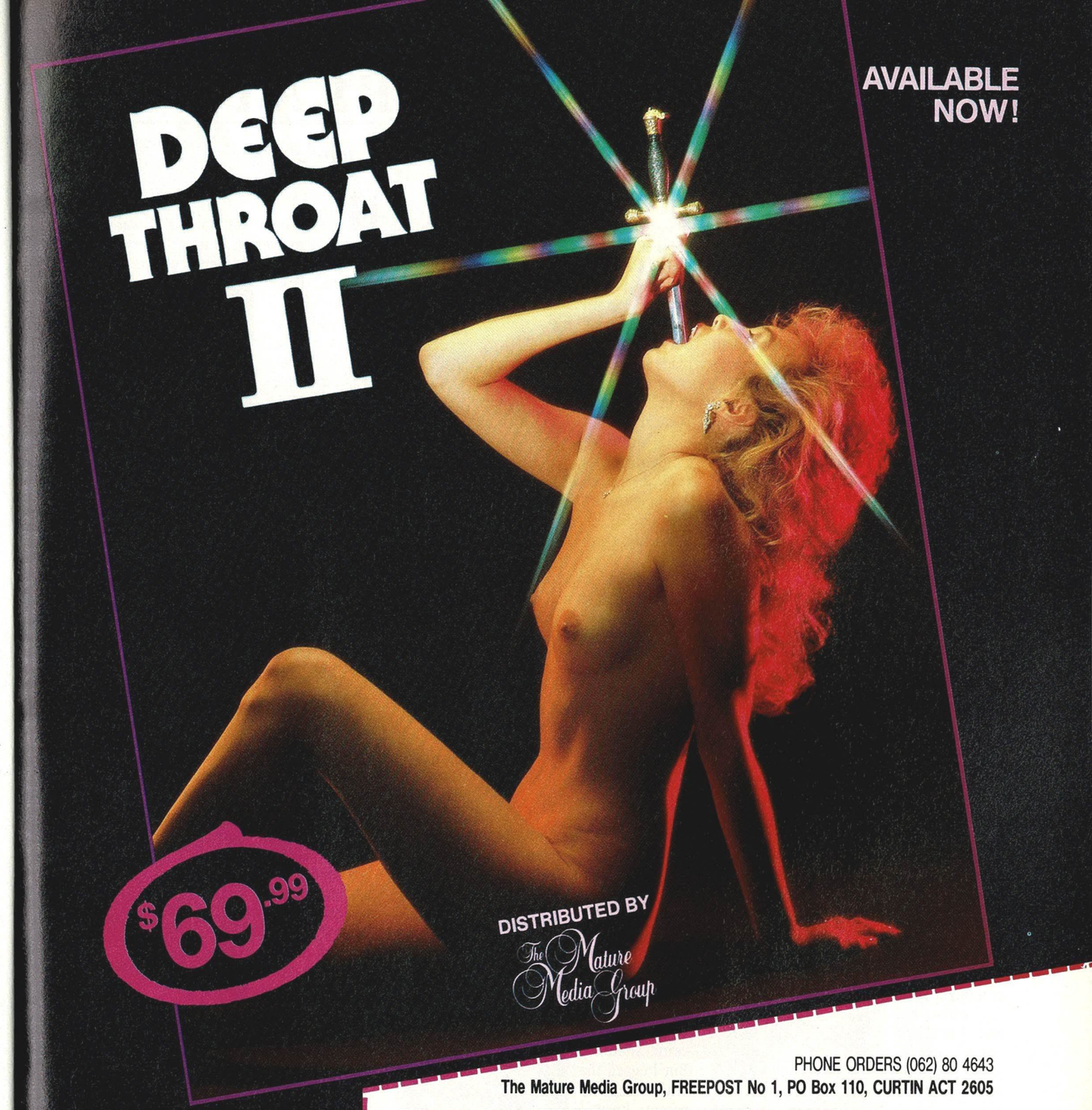
●

007 GETS A FACELIFT: The most successful movie series of all time has finally bit the bullet and got itself a new leading man. With seven outings to his credit, **Roger Moore** played James Bond more times than anyone else (if you like to pretend **Sean Connery**'s *Never Say Never Again* wasn't a James Bond film simply because it wasn't produced by **Cubby Broccoli**). But wrinkled Roger was not a particularly young man when he first took on the Bond role back in 1973, and in the end he was barely going through the motions so it was a bit of a relief when he saw fit to move on. And, wonder of wonders, picking a relatively young man for the role, **Timothy Dalton**, has done a good deal to shake up the tired old formula. There is less emphasis on ridiculous mechanical devices



Move over, Roger Moore. Timothy Dalton is the new 007 and Maryam d'Abo his co-star.

and gimmicks for their own sake in *The Living Daylights* and there has been a real attempt to stick with a coherent plot, even though Bond's final escape in a transport plane is tremendously exciting (and of course completely incredible, but you don't notice that until later). Perhaps, too, it is made a mite more realistic by 007 not falling prey to every woman in the film. His romance with leading lady **Maryam d'Abo** (cover girl and pictorial star of last month's issue) is a definite plus.



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DEAR GIRLS OF PLAYBOY

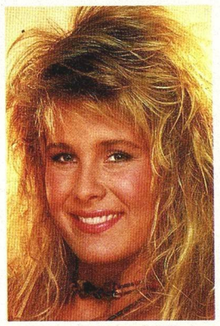
Our lovely ladies of Playboy answer your most intimate queries.

The question for the month:
Were you wild in your teens?

No. I was very straight. I lived in the country and the big thing in my life was being a cheerleader for the school football team. My parents were very proud of me so I was good. I never did drugs, I never smoked and I was never caught behind a building with guys. I was such a good girl. Did I have goals then? No. I was never sent to the principal's office, either. I went to school; I came home; I watched the horses; I cleaned the stables. I was kind of boring.

Lynne Austin

LYNNE AUSTIN
AUGUST 1986



Yes, I was very wild. I ditched class. I didn't go to school. I stayed out all night. I was very rebellious. I took my mother's clothes. My parents didn't know how to handle me. They thought I was the worst kid ever. I admit, I tried everything. I grew up in a big city. I went to clubs with fake I.D. My parents used to send the cops to look for me at my friends' houses. We just wanted different things for me. My mum wanted me to be a professional tennis player. My dad is the ultimate athlete. I was pretty good at sports, but I hurt my knee and I couldn't handle the pressure.

Kymberly Paige

KYMBERLY PAIGE
JUNE 1987

I was at boarding school in England in my teens. I had braces and frizzy hair, which I dyed blonde when I was 13. The school told me not to come back until my hair grew out or until I made it my own color again. I didn't like anybody and I didn't do any work. I thought it was very clever to be so stupid, until I was about 15. Suddenly, I realised that it might be clever then, but it wasn't going to help me later in life. So I spent six months studying for my exams and I passed. I haven't been that sensible since then. I think my parents felt I'd have to find my own way.

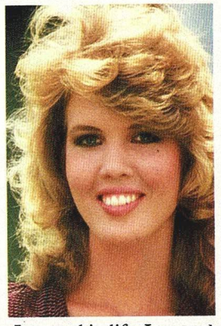
Marina Baker

MARINA BAKER
APRIL 1987

Basically I was very energetic, outgoing and sort of a tomboy. I was into all kinds of sports, so I was pretty rowdy. I was also the group loudmouth, but with some intelligence thrown in. So I never really got into trouble. I would be Miss Innocent instead. But I egged the others on. My parents knew I was wild and unpredictable and that I always did pretty much what I wanted to do. *Playboy* is a good example. I didn't tell them anything. I flew them into town after it came out and said, "Mum and Dad, I have to tell you something." They have always accepted the fact that, of their five kids, I was the character of the family. They always said, "Well, what's she going to do next?"

Rebecca Ferratti

REBECCA FERRATTI
JULY 1986

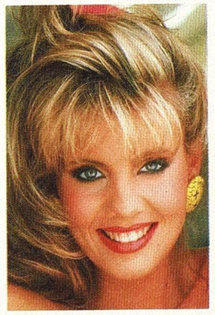


No, I wasn't wild at all. I was very conservative. I grew up in a country town. There were wild kids there, but I wasn't one of them. I was into my schoolwork and pleasing my parents. I didn't get yelled at much; I didn't smoke or drink; I didn't even go out much. I never gave them any trouble. Why? I wanted it that way. I guess I knew what I wanted in life. I wanted to do well in school. I had a sense of the importance of that time in my life. I was aware that I would never be in high school again. Does this sound boring?

Donna Edmondson

DONNA EDMONDSON
DECEMBER 1986

I definitely had my moments. I have an older brother, but my parents were stricter with me. They kept me on a tighter rein. Still, I rebelled. Finally, I realised that I was just hurting myself and that a lot of the things I was doing weren't that much fun, after all. I straightened myself out when I got to university. Before that, I skipped school, smoked, did some crazy things with my friends and experimented with many of the things kids are curious about. But I got through it. I don't think my parents were aware of how wild my wild period was; and it's just as well.



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
JANUARY 1987

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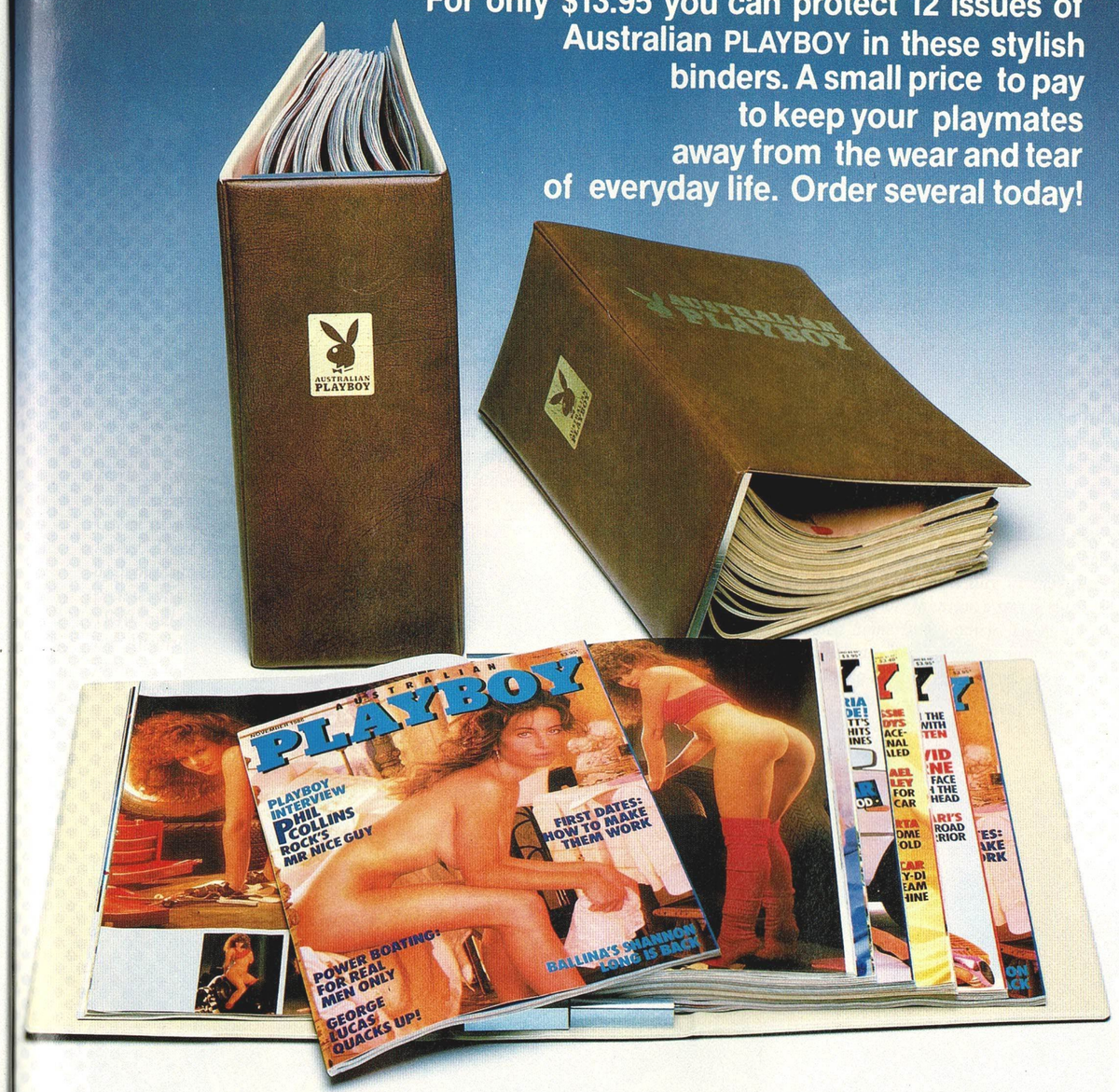
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MALCOLM JOHNSTON

A candid conversation with Australia's top jockey about winning, losing, and bouncing back against the odds.

Few Australian sportsmen have been tossed between the highs and lows of adoration and infamy within their chosen discipline as frequently as champion Sydney jockey Malcolm Johnston. Such is the volatility of those who follow the sport of kings that in his topsy-turvy 14-year career Johnston has often been cheered on to the course and jeered off it again in the space of five minutes. But "Miracle Mal", arguably our finest horseman since George Moore, always bounces back against the odds.

Raised in the western NSW town of Forbes, Johnston had never ridden a horse until he was signed to Sydney trainer Theo Green as a 15-year-old, 25kg apprentice jockey. Three years later he became the first apprentice to take out the Sydney jockeys' premiership since Jack Thompson did it in 1940, and went on to become stable jockey for Australia's best trainer, T.J. Smith, forming a spectacular winning alliance with Australia's greatest racehorse of recent decades, Kingston Town.

In other words, Malcolm Johnston went about as far as you can go in racing and, like most of his winning rides, he did it in record time. But the pressures of fame and his all-important position as the country's leading hoop told on Johnston. In the early '80s he suffered a spate of injuries, bad press and suspensions for careless riding. His relationship with T.J. Smith began to sour and, after he rode Kingston Town to within a nose of the 1982 Melbourne Cup, they went their separate ways.

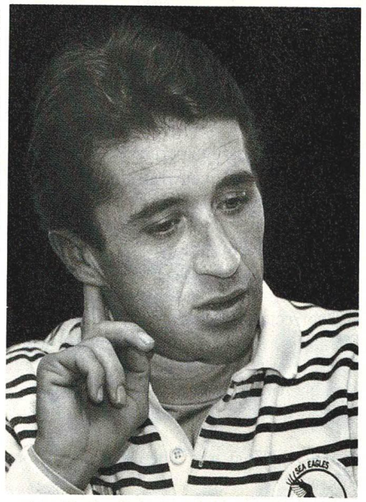
His brilliant, decade-long career in Australian racing seemingly over, Johnston accepted an offer to ride in Singapore and Malaysia, where the turf czars greeted him with open arms and the keys to the palace. But that too turned sour when Johnston was mugged leaving his hotel and beaten to within an inch of his life by irate punters. True to form, Johnston refused to be frightened off and returned to Malaysian racing after a convalescence in Australia. But his heart was no longer in it. He yearned to return to Australia and resurrect his career without the help of T.J. Smith or anyone else.

Two years ago he arrived home and was soon producing the best form of his entire career. Although he was still dogged by injuries and suspensions (he is the most suspended jockey in Australian racing, largely as a result of his unquenchable will to win), by mid-1987 he had won his third Sydney jockeys' premiership and firmly established himself as the best and most exciting horseman in the country.

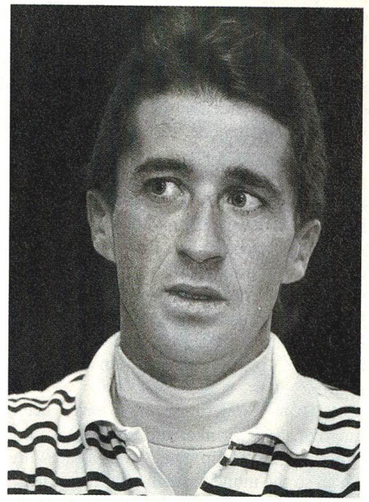
We sent Australian Playboy senior contributing editor (and mug punter) ***Phil Jarratt*** *to interview Johnston at a time when his stocks were at their lowest since his return from Asia. From 60 rides at city and provincial meetings he had failed to produce a winner. It was the worst losing streak of his career but Johnston was surprisingly mellow. Reports Jarratt: "We began the interview sessions on a Friday at Mal's big, comfortable house north-west of Sydney. I'd expected him to be like most sportsmen on a bum run — not very communicative. But the session was animated and lasted for hours. He was so up that he convinced me his luck was about to change. The next day at the track I backed all of Johnston's seven rides. He booted home five winners out of six and in the last race went within a nose of becoming the first Australian jockey to ever ride six winners in a day. Johnston said when we resumed the interview sessions the next day: 'I told you so.'"*

PLAYBOY: You must have done a thousand interviews. Do you enjoy them?

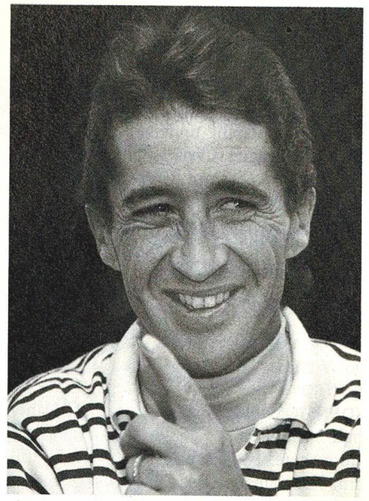
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KNIGHT



"If the horse is good enough I'll win on him. When I go out there I believe there's no one better than me. My whole life is based on having a winning attitude. I hate to get beaten."



"If you ride a shit race, racing people will bag you, but other jockeys won't because they know how hard it is out there. So many things can go wrong."



"I'm probably the greatest pain in the arse in the jockeys' room. It's a pressure business and my way of handling it is to talk and joke with the guys. I just fuck around a lot."

JOHNSTON: I can handle them now. It's important for people to read about you in my business. It used to shit me when I was 16.

PLAYBOY: When you were interviewed as a youngster you always seemed to be such a frightened little boy, tucked under Theo Green's wings. Was that the real you?

JOHNSTON: Yes, it was. Theo had total control over me. I was really an uneducated boy back then. I hadn't had much schooling. Theo didn't just teach me to ride, he taught me how to speak, how to handle the press, he virtually taught me everything I know. In those days if someone asked me a question I'd look to Theo as if to say: "Give me a hand, boss." He'd always chime in and get me out of a predicament. He was always there when you needed him. There'll never be another bloke like him as far as I'm concerned. I don't see him as often as I'd like these days, but if I have a problem he's still the first person I turn to.

PLAYBOY: Was it a special relationship he had with you?

JOHNSTON: No, he was like that with all his apprentices. Ronnie Quinton, Johnny Duggan, the lot of us. He was like a father.

PLAYBOY: In your case did Theo take the place of your real father?

JOHNSTON: Well, in those days I had a good relationship with my father. Unfortunately I don't now. I haven't spoken to him for over 10 years, which is something I'm not proud of.

PLAYBOY: What inspired you to leave home and become a jockey?

JOHNSTON: My uncle, Les Coles, was a good jockey. He took out the 1962 Caulfield and Melbourne Cups.

PLAYBOY: On Even Stevens?

JOHNSTON: Spot on. He had quite a bit of success as a jockey but my family wasn't horsey at all. I'm the eldest of seven and we lived in a country town called Forbes. My father was a truck driver. Until I came to Sydney to live I'd never been out of the town. I was a real bush kid. I was alert and I had a lot of common sense but I'd never even seen a set of traffic lights. At the age of 14 I was playing under-four stone (25.4 kg) rugby league. I was 3 stone 12 lbs (24.5 kg) and it was becoming obvious that there weren't going to be too many options for me. I wanted to play football but I was 14 and playing against seven and eight-year-olds. Now, I had to have a bit on 'em [*laughs*]. Anyway I was starting to think there was a future for me in football and they changed it to age instead of weight. After that I never got a run.

PLAYBOY: What positions did you play?

JOHNSTON: Half-back, hooker. Mainly half-back because I could control the game from there. I was mad about football, still am. I'm a fanatical Manly supporter. But as a player my days were numbered. Then one day my grandfather suggested I become a jockey. We lived in the country but I'd never had much to do with horses. He told me there was a position available with Theo Green and, of course, I'd never heard of Theo Green. I also had no idea what an apprentice jockey had to do, but I went along with it.

PLAYBOY: Would Theo Green take on a kid who'd never ridden a horse?

JOHNSTON: Yes, he was that sort of guy. If he had a position vacant in his stable, he'd take the boy. He took me on unseen and I was hopeless. I had to be taught from fair dinkum scratch. People don't realise how much he had to put me through to get me where I am today, but I was very lucky to be a gifted person in one respect: if you told me how to do something you only had to say it once. I was a good learner and a hard worker. I practised things until I got them right.

PLAYBOY: Did you soon develop an affinity with horses?

JOHNSTON: Yeah, I did. I loved the work but I'd been there about six months when I fell off one. I was always falling off but this one came over the top of me and trod on the back of my neck. I had a broken leg and 14 stitches and a big flap of skin hanging there. I had about two and a half months off to get over it and my father came to pick me up in the truck and take me back to Forbes. I remember thinking in the truck, this might not be the game for me. I was missing my friends and I wasn't sure about the whole thing. Well, we got home and my mother saw her little boy all smashed up. Right, she said, you're not going back there. As soon as she said that I knew I was. As much as I love my mother, it was stuff you, Jack! No one was going to tell me how to run my life.

PLAYBOY: Was an apprentice's lot a harsh one?

JOHNSTON: It wasn't an easy life. Theo used to like to get two apprentices of similar ages and bring them through together. Johnny Duggan was a couple of years ahead of me and there was a bloke his age, and there was another bloke my age. We all lived together in the same room adjoining the stables. Theo had — still has — a foreman called Kenny Green and he was the bloke who kept us all in line. He was the enforcer. He's seen us all come and go. These are your growing-up years, between 15 and 21, but it was hard for us because we were so restricted. We were allowed out on Saturday nights but we had to be in by 12. We had every second Sunday off but we still had to work six to nine. That was it for time off. I remember I started on $6.10 a week and for that you worked your arse off.

PLAYBOY: And blew it all on Saturday night?

JOHNSTON: Sometimes. I've never been much of a beer drinker and I was too scared to ever touch a drop when I was a kid with Theo, so the money usually went a fair way.

PLAYBOY: How was the discipline enforced? Would Theo or Kenny hit you?

JOHNSTON: Never. The other apprentices did. Six or eight kids living together, someone was always coping a belting. But Theo, shit! His voice was enough to frighten the crap out of you. If you told Kenny to get fucked he might grab you by the scruff of the neck and give you a bit of a shake, but that was as far as it went. The main rule for apprentices was: do what you're told. Play within the rules and you survive, and you might survive well. Step out of line and you're out.

PLAYBOY: Was there a great deal of competitiveness between apprentices?

JOHNSTON: Oh shit, yeah. I never actually won a fight in the joint, or an argument for that matter. I was the smallest and I just wanted to be the kid who poked along and did what he was told. I didn't want to be the smart-arse.

PLAYBOY: In the early days Theo Green said of you, "He's not a natural horseman like Ron Quinton." Was that true?

JOHNSTON: Yes. Every jockey has his own gift. Ronnie's is horsemanship. He can ride bad horses, buckjumpers, anything. Put me on a buckjumper and I'll land on my head every time. But my gift was that horses would run for me, and that's really the name of the game. I liked horses and I was kind to them but I had to develop the riding as I went along.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you need a good horse under you to ride a good race?

JOHNSTON: You can only do as much as the horse will allow you, but I try to ride them all the same. If the horse is good enough I'll win on him. There are a lot of jockeys in that category but I have a very positive attitude. When I go out there I believe there's no one better than me. My whole life is based on having a winning attitude. I hate to get beaten at anything. I'm playing golf this afternoon and watch out if I get beaten. I'm fucking hopeless. I hate running second.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel that way in 1973 when you finished third on Lord Antrim in your first race?

JOHNSTON: I was leading in the straight and Ronnie Quinton knocked me off and I ran third. You never forget your first race ride.

PLAYBOY: A scary experience?

JOHNSTON: Well, you really have no idea. You just jump out and hope things go right for you. There's no strategy at that early stage. It's all a bit of a blur. Nowadays I go out with a plan of attack and if things go wrong I can make a split-second decision and correct it. But those early rides, butterflies like you wouldn't believe. You could just vomit, you're so nervous. That first day at Kembla [*Grange*] I remember feeling sick all the way down in the car. I only had the one ride.

PLAYBOY: What was Theo's advice before the race?

JOHNSTON: He just told me to do my best, that's all anyone can ask. We knew the horse had a little bit of speed so the idea was to get as close to the front as possible. It panned out beautifully. I lobbed straight to the lead and finished up third. The connections were happy and it was a nice one out of the way. I felt so relieved it was like I'd won the Melbourne Cup.

PLAYBOY: Did the rides come quickly after that?

JOHNSTON: No, they just poked along, but I was very lucky because I rode my first winner in my 18th race, a horse called Ritual, at Newcastle. The next day I won my first city race on a mare called Sascha. Theo had a good team of horses at that time and Sascha was one of the best. I ended up winning eight city races on her. You get a horse like that in the early stages of your career and things just fall into line. Once you start riding winners with a 7lb [*3kg*] allowance the rides come thick and fast. Six months after my first ride I was getting three rides a meeting.

PLAYBOY: You've had a string of associations with winning horses such as Kingston Town in your career. Do you develop a real relationship with a horse like that?

JOHNSTON: Sometimes this doesn't work, mind you, but every horse I get on I like to be able to form some sort of a bond. A pact, you might say. I'll be nice to you if you're nice to me. I like to get to know horses. No one knew the black horse [*Kingston Town*] like I did; an old horse called Iko was the same. There's another thing too. I like to ride horses how I find them. For example, I won't keep a natural speed horse in behind the lead. I know after 20 metres where that horse wants to be, and I'll ride him where he's happy. It's the same as with people; if you go to work happy, things fall into place for you. I hate being tied down with instructions before a race. If I'm on a bloke who's a natural frontrunner and I'm told to hold him back fourth, the horse is gonna be choking with its gob open and, to my way of thinking, he's not gonna perform to the best of his ability. It works the other way too. You might jump out of the box and go to the lead but if the horse isn't happy with the early speed I'll let him drop back and ride him where he's comfortable. You might be able to win by holding him up the front but if he's not happy, he'll remember next time and he might rear up when you take him to the front.

PLAYBOY: How do you know if a horse is comfortable eight lengths off the pace or whether he's just being lazy?

JOHNSTON: Well, I think it's a gift, a natural instinct. There are little things they do with their mouths and ears. Of course, some horses are just pigs that don't want to do anything. Those bastards won't perform no matter what you do.

PLAYBOY: Do you go through any superstitious rituals before you ride?

JOHNSTON: Nah. I'm probably the greatest pain in the arse in the jockeys' room. It's a pressure business and my way of handling it is to talk and joke with the guys. I just fuck around a lot. Ask Ronnie Quinton. I sit next to him at most tracks and if he's being truthful he'll tell you I'm a fucking headache! [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: It's not always fun and games in the jockeys' room though, is it?

JOHNSTON: Fists have been known to fly. I've been flattened in a race and come back and wanted a blue. You grab each other by the throat and all that. But it doesn't get you anywhere. I've been suspended more than anyone and I can honestly say that I've never gone out there deliberately to hurt anyone. It's just my phenomenal will to win. Most of my suspensions have been through immaturity, getting to know the game.

PLAYBOY: Why do you cop so many suspensions? Do you play harder than the others or are they just more devious?

JOHNSTON: Oh, I play the game tough, I always have. But I copped the majority of my suspensions during the early stage of my career when I was under a lot of pressure. I did a lot of silly things and I ended up missing two Cox Plates and a Caulfield Cup because of them.

PLAYBOY: Didn't suspension cost you the ride on the Caulfield Cup winner?

JOHNSTON: That's right. Taksan. Things like that make you realise how stupid you are. I just couldn't handle the pressure.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on to your split with trainer Tommy Smith. Was there some kind of divided loyalty between Green on the one hand and T.J. on the other?

JOHNSTON: No. When I was an apprentice

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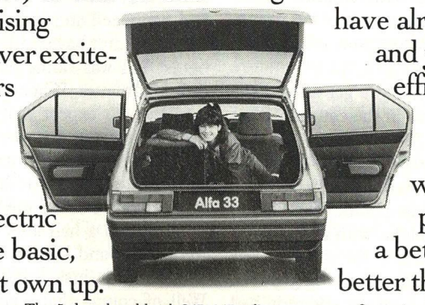

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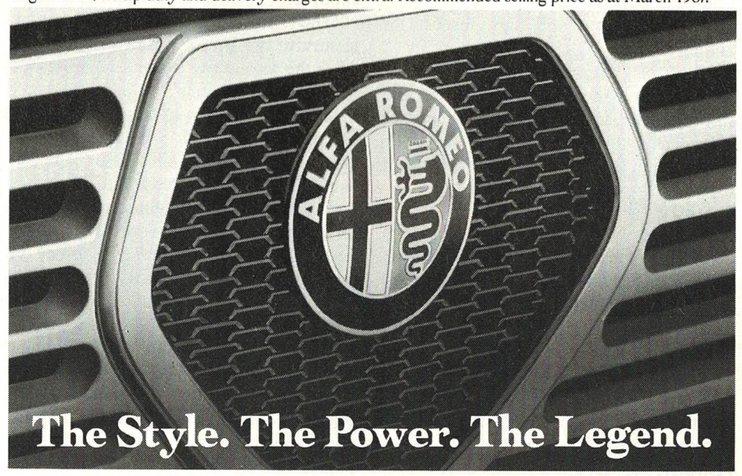

Lawrence Harop Vartan/AR1256R R

riding for Tommy Smith, Theo had nothing to do with it. I was under instructions from whoever gave me the ride. Theo had a lot to do with it when I got home, if I rode a bad race. He was the one who showed me where I'd gone wrong, but at the races if I didn't have a ride for Theo I wouldn't see him all day. The real pressure came when I turned 21 and came out of my time and was offered the job with Tommy Smith. Theo said, "Son, I think you're too young, but you're your own boss now, you do what you think is right."

When you're 21 and you get offered the best stable jockey job in the country, it's a bit hard to say no.

PLAYBOY: Who did you replace — Langby?

JOHNSTON: Yeah, Kevin Langby. It was a big space to fill. Today I could take the job on and have no problems with it, but I was only a kid and suddenly the pressure was intense. I thought I knew everything. I'll be the first to admit that all the attention had gone to my head. Tommy would say, "Malcolm, jump." And I'd say, how high? But I got very grumpy and surly. We had a difficult relationship. I couldn't talk to him like I could to Theo. I couldn't take my problems to him. He was my boss and that was all.

PLAYBOY: T.J. Smith has often said that training jockeys is Theo Green's job; he's only interested in training horses.

JOHNSTON: Yeah, I felt that, but I never said anything. I had a few problems I needed help with at that stage. See, people don't realise what you miss out on in your growing-up years when you're an apprentice. I wasn't allowed a car, had to be home at midnight on my one night out, no drinking. . . and then suddenly I'm 21 and I want to do all those things. I had a lot of catching up to do. That's why the pressure of race day was so bad. How I lasted there five years I don't know.

You see, George Moore didn't go to T.J. until he was 35, Langby took the job when he was 25. I've done all my growing up since I left the job.

PLAYBOY: Do you still have respect for Tommy Smith?

JOHNSTON: Oh shit, yes. We parted friends. I took the offer to go overseas and since I came back I've ridden winners for him.

We talk, in fact we get on much better now than when I was riding for him.

PLAYBOY: Would you go back?

JOHNSTON: No, I'm enjoying what I'm doing too much. This has been my first full year back after my time overseas and when I got back people were saying the usual things. He's not the jockey he was, and all that.

Racing people are very fickle.

I knew if I won this premiership on my own that then it would shut all their mouths for good.

PLAYBOY: Is it too much to expect your luck to hold right through a season?

JOHNSTON: Well, for me the luck ran out a bit early. I'm going through the worst trot in my career at the moment. It's getting close to 60 losing rides. I've never been that far down before.

PLAYBOY: You seem pretty relaxed about your rotten luck. Obviously you believe it won't last.

JOHNSTON: Well, I came home after a few good rides last week and I went over what had happened and came to the conclusion that I couldn't have ridden any of them any better. If I was riding badly it would be a different matter. When you're a jockey you just have to expect that luck is going to desert you and for the past four months mine has been ratshit. You just have to weather the storm. Look, I spat the dummy a bit the other night. I sat in the jockeys' room for an hour and a half after the last watching the replays and I knew I'd done my best. The bastards just didn't perform for me. Well of course that's gonna give you the shits.

[*The next day, at Warwick Farm, was the day Johnston broke his losing run by riding five winners in a day for the fourth time in his career, and very nearly becoming the first Australian jockey to ride six. The interview resumed in the midst of a flurry of media attention and congratulatory phone calls.*]

PLAYBOY: What happened yesterday?

JOHNSTON: I had a few rides that looked good on paper but I've been to a few meetings recently with an equally good book of rides. Yesterday I just went out with a positive attitude. I was determined to break the duck and, well, things just fell into place. I thought when the first one got home at big odds my luck had changed.

PLAYBOY: Were you confident you could boot the last one home and enter the record books?

JOHNSTON: I was, yes. I rode a good race but the only bad luck I had all day was that there was a better horse in it. That was the fourth time I'd ridden five winners but the last time was 1980, so I'm pretty happy about it.

PLAYBOY: To get those five winners you had to survive two protests from Kevin Moses. After the second was dismissed, Moses was quoted as saying that the decision would have been reversed in any other racing country in the world. Sour grapes?

JOHNSTON: Well, I don't believe it. I've won a few races on protest and I've lost a few on protest. My thoughts on Kevin's two protests yesterday were that there was no way I could lose. There was a bit of bumping but that goes on in every race. I think Bugs [*Moses*] just lost his cool and said that on the spur of the moment.

PLAYBOY: Several commentators thought that Moses's second protest should have been upheld because you veered out on Peaceful Kingdom and unbalanced the other horse. What is your response to that?

JOHNSTON: It was very similar to the first one. We both made our runs together. I came through on the inside, Moses was under pressure and I hadn't gone for my horse yet. Now my little bloke usually hangs in badly in shifty going, so I hit him once very hard and I think I must have got him in the balls because he went wide two horses before I could grab him and straighten him up. It's happened to me before and there's not a lot you can do about it. Well, you can imagine yourself, you get hit in the nuts and you move pretty quickly. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Are you starting to feel the punters love you again?

JOHNSTON: Yeah, I've got a phenomenal following that goes right back to my apprentice days. I think it's my smile. [*Laughs*] People love to see me ride winners because I've always been a bit different to the run-of-the-mill jockey. I've always been a colorful, flamboyant character. There's little things I do, like wear different colored boot tops and use different colored whips. Other people rubbished all of that but now they all do it. It's just a bit of flair. I'll do anything I can to brighten up what can be a pretty dull business.

PLAYBOY: Your relationship with the racing public hasn't always been sweetness and light, has it? There was a period where it cooled noticeably.

JOHNSTON: This goes back to the season that Tommy Smith almost got beaten by Neville Begg in the trainers' premiership. On the last day Tommy scraped in by two or something to win with about 70 winners. Up until then he'd been having over 100 wins a season and, because he was having a bad trot, I was having a bad trot and so were the punters. They didn't take it out on Tommy, they took it out on me. That's the average Australian punter for you.

PLAYBOY: How does it feel to be booed back into the enclosure?

JOHNSTON: It's not a nice feeling. It used to get to me a bit and I'd look around to see who it was so I could chip the fellow if I saw him again, but that doesn't get you anywhere. I mean you feel bad enough as it is, having to come back and face the connections when you're on a sure thing beaten.

PLAYBOY: You must often wish for another partner like Kingston Town. Anything on the horizon?

JOHNSTON: Well, I was a bit stiff about the fact that I'd ridden Myocard in Melbourne before I had my last accident. I felt then that he had the potential to go on with it, which he's done. I more than likely would have been on him. But I'm not crying poor. That's the way the business is. I've ridden 2500 winners and I'm probably one of the luckiest jockeys to ever mount a horse. When I was born I was hit in the arse with a rainbow, no two ways about it.

PLAYBOY: Obviously there's only a limited number of horses who are going to win with any frequency, and there also seems to be a limited number of jockeys who constantly ride winners. The competition between the likes of you, Dittman, Cassidy, Quinton, Marshall and Cook must be intense.

JOHNSTON: Oh, it's fierce. There's intense rivalry. We all talk to each other but you know that if someone gets hurt and he's got a good ride coming up we're all gonna want to be on it.

PLAYBOY: Do you white-ant each other off the track? Get on the phone and put the other guy down?

JOHNSTON: Oh no, that's ruled out under the old mates act. If I heard of someone doing that to me he'd no longer be my friend. That's a shit act. I don't know of anyone who does it. If you ride a shit race, racing people will bag you, but other jockeys won't because they know how hard it is out there. So many things can go wrong. You've only got to get a kid riding something that just moves in a fraction when you're three-quarters of a length behind him. What can you do? You can't blame the kid because he doesn't know, but you have to check and you're out of the race. That's why there's no such thing as a certainty.

PLAYBOY: So you're all nice to each other off the track. What about on the track?

JOHNSTON: Oh fuck, no. When the barriers go up, not one of those bastards will give you an inch. You'd be disappointed in them if they did. When I kick up inside some of them, I'm disappointed if they don't lay on me or something.

PLAYBOY: What if they grab you? Is that fair too?

JOHNSTON: Shit, no.

PLAYBOY: But it's been known to happen.

JOHNSTON: Yes, it has, but it's just not on these days.

PLAYBOY: It's not that long ago that you were suspended on that charge. [*In 1978, while still an apprentice, Johnston received one of his most serious suspensions for allegedly pushing rival jockey Neville Voigt's arm.*]

JOHNSTON: Well, I didn't actually grab anyone. I had Neville Voigt outside me when I was on the leader at Canterbury. Neville was a very unorthodox rider, all elbows, and when he made his challenge his elbows were all over me so much that I couldn't use the stick. I thought, fuck you, Neville! And I pushed his elbow out of the way so I could use the whip. He beat me a head and I protested it, saying I didn't have sufficient racing room. They threw the protest out but they looked at the film and saw me pushing his elbow and gave me a month's holiday.

PLAYBOY: What's the silliest thing you've ever done in a race?

JOHNSTON: Well, that was probably one of them. Maybe the silliest was the meeting before the 1982 Cox Plate, Kingston Town's third Plate. I flew back to ride a horse in Sydney that had a bit of form. It drew the number 14 alley and I remember whizzing across from outside. Going to the fence I tightened up the horse inside me. In other words I took what was rightfully his running. I got three weeks for it and missed the ride on Kingston Town, who was a certainty in the Cox Plate, a race worth half a million dollars. I'm riding at Randwick in a shitpot race worth $3000. How silly is that!

PLAYBOY: Some of our readers might not understand what's fair and what's not in racing. Let's look at it this way: you're on a horse that you think can win, there's a wall of horses in front of you and you can't get an outside run or a rails run. What can you legally do to get past them?

JOHNSTON: That happens to every jockey. It happened to me just the other day on a horse called At Sea. He was favorite and I was blocked in behind four horses with nowhere to go. You can't go over the top of them so you have to wait for a run to come. Where the trouble starts is if half a run comes. According to the rules of racing you're not allowed to put your horse in that gap and bullock your way out. You're not allowed to bump a horse out of the way. I've been suspended a number of times for that.

PLAYBOY: If that situation presents itself, won't an aggressive jockey throw away the rule-book and go for it?

JOHNSTON: Nine times out of 10, yes. Put in the situation where it's force out or be blocked the entire race, I'm gonna force out. But John Schreck [*AJC chief steward*] won't be happy if he reads this. [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: What if it's Maree Lyndon [*Australia's leading female jockey*] who's blocking you?

JOHNSTON: No difference. She's just

another jockey. She's competing on our terms so she gets no beg pardons. The only time I'll show a bit of heart is for a young apprentice who hasn't had many opportunities. Then you might give them a little bit of leeway.

PLAYBOY: Were those courtesies extended to you when you were an apprentice?

JOHNSTON: No, so I know how tough it can be. A lot of the kids look up to me because I was a champion apprentice. I'm not saying I'd do them any favors because of that, but I wouldn't go out of my way to give them a hard time.

PLAYBOY: We hear so much about the criminal element's involvement in racing. Quite early in your career you were confronted by it too. Were you offered cash to throw races?

JOHNSTON: No, a guy wanted to punt for me. He pulled me up in his car, gave me a couple of hundred dollars and his phone number and told me to phone him with the mail every race morning or I'd strike trouble. I'd never seen him before in my life but apparently he'd been seen on racecourses a bit. The cops knew him. He must have been a bit of a dill, really. [*Laughs*] Jockeys aren't the most reliable tipsters. Anyway, I shit myself and went straight to the AJC and told them everything. They got in touch with the coppers on course and they got a hold of him and that was the end of it.

PLAYBOY: Are jockeys really no wiser than the rest of us?

JOHNSTON: The average punter who's studied his form would be in a better position to tip a winner than I would. I mean, I've ridden trackwork and I know what they're capable of, but I'm a crook judge when it comes to picking winners. One day at Rosehill I had six rides and I thought the thing in the sixth was my best chance, a Mike Willesee horse called Bidden Time which had won its last start and was six-to-four favorite. Well, I won on the first five horses and the middle one was Kingston Town at 33 to one. So I'm coming into the last on my best chance! I thought, how good is this? She ran eighth.

PLAYBOY: Let's be blunt. Do connections ever suggest you ride a less than honest race?

JOHNSTON: No. Those days are gone. With all the film these days you could never get away with it, not like punters think. Ten or 15 years back it was a different ball game, but there is so much prize-money these days that all anyone wants to do is win races. It's when the stakes are low but the betting is high that you get skulduggery. John Schreck is one of the best stewards I've ever ridden under, maybe the best. He's not going to let anything get by him.

PLAYBOY: Was there any particular incident that made you decide to ride overseas?

JOHNSTON: Well, I virtually got the flick from T.J., I got an offer and I seemed to be on the outer here so I was tempted to go. I went to see Theo Green and asked him for advice. He said go. I was disappointed about it but the truth of the matter was that I was in a no-win situation. I had to go. At that stage of my life I'd spat the dummy out real bad. I was pissed off with the whole racing scene and I wasn't functioning well. I didn't want to ride trackwork, I didn't even want to go to the races. The only way to cure it was a complete change of environment. I only planned to go for 12 months and ended up staying three years, but I needed the experience. I grew up a lot while I was away. I know that if I'd stayed in Sydney and toughed it out, I wouldn't be riding today.

PLAYBOY: You seemed to go through a period in the early '80s where everything you touched turned to shit. You were even busted for playing manilla in your own living room. What was that all about?

JOHNSTON: That was part of growing up too. You gamble. You play a bit of cards. One night we were playing cards and the cops walked in and busted us. I didn't know it at the time but manilla was an illegal game. The next thing I know I'm up at the cop shop being fingerprinted. I was shitting myself because it couldn't have happened at a worse time. I was just on the outer with Tommy and the last thing I wanted was for this to get in the papers. I was hoping to keep it quiet but the first edition of the *Daily Mirror* came out next day with "Johnston Busted" on the front page. That was the icing on the cake.

PLAYBOY: Most people would have regarded it as a fairly frivolous offence, but the ensuing court case seemed to raise more questions than it answered. Firstly, what was a successful young sportsman doing in a card school with a group of middle-aged Lebanese? Was there a lot of money involved?

JOHNSTON: Strangely enough there wasn't. We were playing for five dollar chips. The people all lived in my area and we'd meet at someone's house every third Sunday night and just play a few hands. Someone just took it upon themselves to dob us in.

PLAYBOY: Presumably only a former member of the school would have known, which makes it look like a lot of money was changing hands.

JOHNSTON: Yes, but it wasn't. We had a 70-year-old lady playing with us! This had been going on for a couple of years, just a group of friends from all walks of life playing cards. I've put that whole thing behind me but even now I can get beaten on something and some smart-arse will yell out: "Up playin' cards all night, were ya?" [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: It must be difficult for a top jockey to keep his distance from that web of criminal activity that seems to permeate just about every racecourse. Do you find that?

JOHNSTON: It can be difficult if you don't keep your guard up. I try to steer clear of the misfits and the people with the names. My policy is to keep my nose clean and boot home winners. As Theo says, small fish are sweeter. It's better to make a little bit of money over a long period than to make a lot in one hit and then be finished. I want to be in this game for another 15 years.

PLAYBOY: You've ridden in Singapore, Malaysia and Hong Kong. Is racing more corrupt in those places?

JOHNSTON: Oh no. I enjoyed riding in

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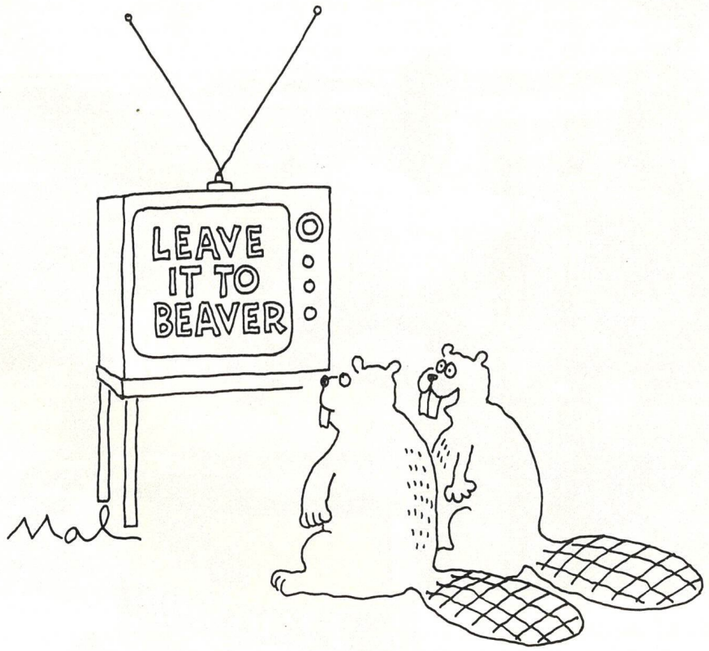
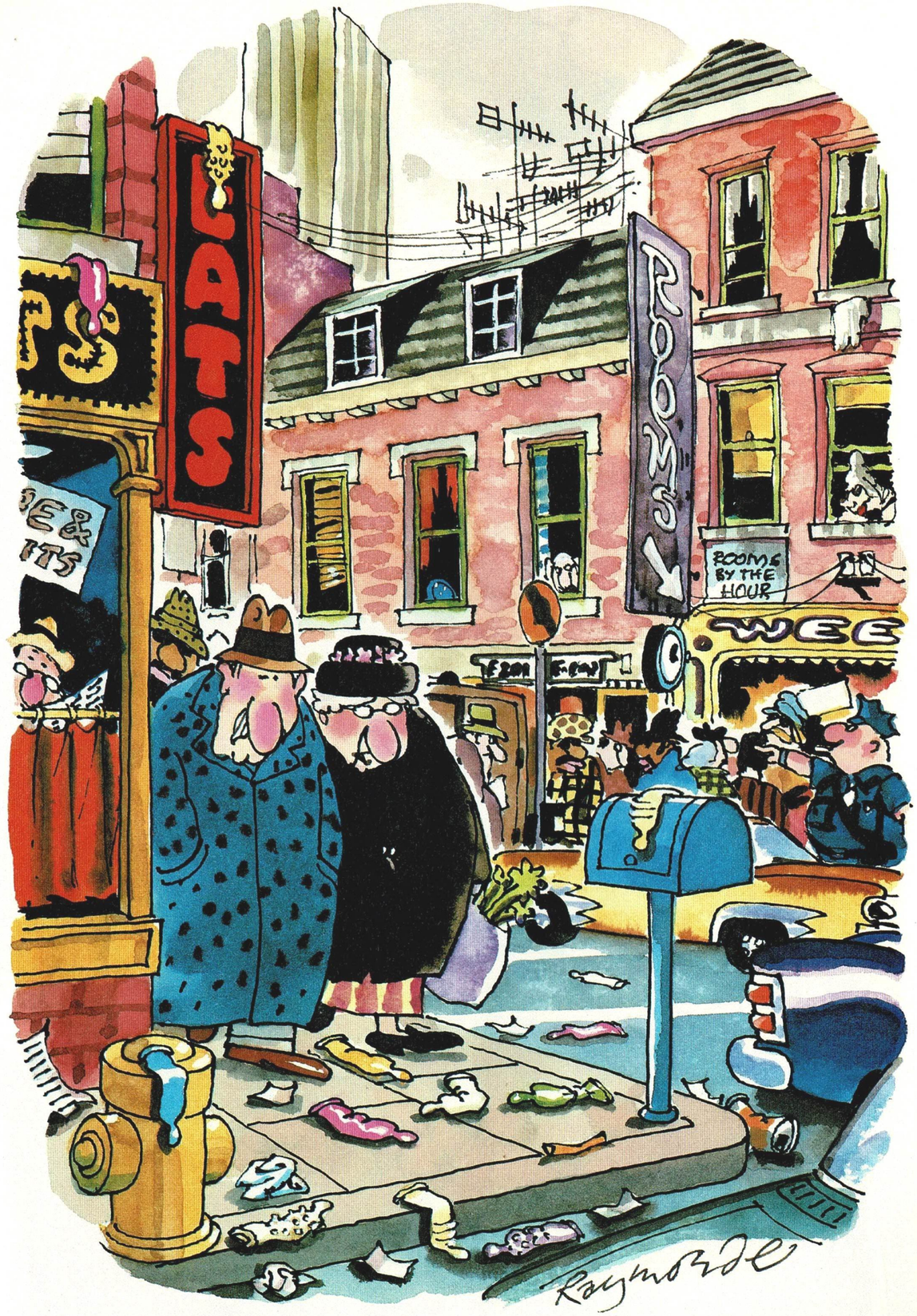


"This is still my all-time favorite program."



"This may not be a good neighborhood, but it's a responsible one."

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL LEAK

Kevin Bloody Hilarious

Move over, Rodney, there's a new rude boy in town.

YOU'VE GOTTA BOIL the billy twice around here." Kevin Bloody Wilson stands in the hallway, an electric jug in his hand.

"Why's that, Kev?" you ask.

The little bloke with the beard, leather jacket and blue jeans looks around conspiratorially and then says out of the back of his hand: "Because they reckon Kevin Wilson pisses in it!"

It's not the sort of joke you'd expect to hear in this tasteful Sydney hotel and somehow its blatant irreverence makes it all the funnier. This place is

Article by **BOB CUSSONS**

more accustomed to bedding down the heavyweights and their entourages — Billy Joel, Elton John, Bruce Springsteen, Paul Simon and the international flotsam of the jetways that bob up on the chat shows before fleeing the country, guitar cases fairly bulging with cash. Impressive clients, impressive establishment.

Not to Kevin Bloody Wilson, though. To him it's merely an Elizabeth Bay pub, and right now the bloke they want to label the champion of the yobbo revival has other things on his mind. He's righteously nursing a Force 10 hangover ("I woke up this morning thinking I was recovering from a fuckin' autopsy") and his tongue is fair hanging out for a cup of tea. Hung over or not, he simply doesn't give a fuck.

One thing's for sure about Kevin Wilson, he'll never die of ulcers. Especially not now, just after coming off a rowdy, rewarding tour of the eastern states, during which he performed at the Sydney Opera House ("The Bennelong Workers' Club — what a top little spot that is!"), had a heap of fun and made a few bucks as a by-product. For his Sydney-based record company executives, it meant an extra serve of gravy in sales of Kev's two big-selling albums. Confirmation of another album nearing completion had the label bosses wearing smiles as wide as Sydney Heads.

Kevin Wilson will tell you that the money is just an additional reward for doing what he likes, but that doesn't hide the reality that this former electrician worked his little bum off, packaged his considerable talent and became an iron-bark tough bargainer in getting it to market. In 1986-87, young Kev turned over almost a million bucks in record sales, performance payments and merchandising. He did it without the help of airplay, radio or TV ads and in the process broke just about every rule in the commercial book.

It's hardly your out-of-the-blue-and-into-the-black rock'n'roll tale. More your out-of-the-prawn-night-and-into-public-effrontery yarn. Kev Wilson is an ex-country pub performer who like so many other comedians, including Billy Connolly and Rodney Rude, found the punters took more notice if you took the piss rather than serving up the same old musical slop each night.

The Sydney-born, Kalgoorlie-reared reprobate earned infamy by airing this talent with riotous results at footie club fundraisers in Perth. Always irreverent and liberally laced with the magic word and its closest cousins, the songs merely put Kev's signature on some tired old tunes. Decomposing is what he calls it: "Take the ribbon from your hair" became "Wipe the dribble from your chin", and so on.

"For most of the week I was sitting in the corner of 'elevators' [*boring venues*] playing Serepax songs and Mogadon music," he reflects. "To brighten things up a bit I'd do the footie club Sunday morning sick parades with a couple of strippers. I'd string the show together and do some of my decompositions. The blokes loved it and I started to get a few asking me if I'd recorded any of it."

This all caught Kev in the middle of an uncomfortable transition period. You can imagine him doing an Elton John cover in a conservative club lounge when up staggers a pissed footie club patron and demands he play "that song about Bondy and the boongs".

Kev didn't need telling that he couldn't wear two hats. It was decision time and Kev was having so much fun decomposing that he decided to ditch the elevator circuit for the recording studio. It seemed like the right idea until he ran smack into copyright problems.

"I couldn't afford to pay for copyright on all those tunes," recalls Kev, "so I sat down and wrote and recorded new ones."

Kevin Bloody Wilson might have been a hit on the sick parade circuit but out there in the cold, commercial world, the record store proprietors didn't want to know. With a copy of the cassette in his kick he went around Perth knocking on doors but all of them were slammed in his face. Instead of dropping his bundle, Kevin decided to go it alone. It was the smartest decision he ever made.

Wilson might have been a hit on the sick parade circuit but out there in the cold, commercial world, the record stores didn't want to know.

"That's when I came up with the idea of doing all my own marketing. I had a series of cassette inserts, including song titles and a black and white picture of myself, printed off. Nothing expensive because I wasn't bothered about the packaging, I was more concerned with the quality of the music. It wasn't until later that we went to a color insert."

The bearded little bugger with the genius command of the Aussie expletive and an insight into the psyche of the average yobbo wasn't looking for anything more than the prospect of performing and covering his costs by selling a few cassettes after the show. But that didn't allow for the fact that, in marketing terms, Kev was a homespun bloody genius. With each cassette he included about half a dozen order forms with a note saying, "If your mates want to borrow it, fuck 'em, give 'em an order form." It was the old multiplier effect as the word on that funny bloody Wilson bloke filtered out from Perth via the footie circuit, the truckers with their CB network, through the interstate transport stops and eventually beyond these shores. Orders were winging in from everywhere — Holland, Canada, the UK, and even the Mawson Base in Antarctica. The sheer near-piss-yourself humor of the album and the fact that there is probably a bit of the mug lair in all of us eventually allowed it to jump the social barrier until it was no longer the exclusive property of yobbos. (One bloke I've heard of encountered it at an Aussie diplomatic do in Beijing.)

This unexpected popularity placed demands on the resources of the Wilson empire, which operated out of a shoe-box filing system in one room of his suburban home, and a post office box in North Beach, Perth. Kev would finish a concert, flog a bunch of cassettes and then fang home to package others for mailing. It was a hectic business and a virtual one-man operation, but it didn't stop him from selling 23,000 copies in about 18 months. At $12 a throw and no blood-sucking middle men to feed, Kevin Bloody Wilson was travelling all right.

If the story is entering an interesting phase, it is going to have to wait because right then we're interrupted by the cheep of the phone.

"G'day," says Kev into the mouthpiece. "What color knickers ya got on? What bloke from *Australian Playboy*? Yeah, there's a fella here now but he told me he was from *War Cry*."

Kevin Wilson spent 14 years in Kalgoorlie and it shows. A lot of the old brothels of the goldrush days were well and truly closed by the time he grew up but he reckons he and his old man opened a few more. Kev's dad was a funny bugger, a natural comic who killed 'em at sick parades, prawn nights and smokos. When he heard of his son's success, says Kev, he was bloody angry and said, "What do you play that sort of stuff for? After all the money we spent on your piano lessons?" To which Kev supposedly replied: "That was my brother who did the piano lessons, you silly cunt."

The old man did pass on his filthy sense of humor. In fact, says Kev, that was his nickname: Filthy. Kev, at "35 and holding" gave himself the "Bloody" nickname, "to save the family embarrassment because our real name is Fuckin-Wilson — with the hyphen."

Now, where were we? That's right, order forms. Each time a punter bought a cassette, Kev stuck their name and address in the shoebox file so that when the second album was available, all of them received an order form. It helped him sell 27,000 copies of the second album. The cash, cheques and money orders came by the satchelful (and he didn't even take Bankcard) until the Wilson shoebox empire was straining under the pressure and the North Beach postmaster was wondering if a celebrity had moved into the neighborhood. It was patently clear Kev had to employ more manpower. He needed a manager.

(continued on page 107)

WORLD CLASS

Former Miss World Silvana Suarez takes off more than her crown.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

The beautiful Silvana Suarez from Argentina was honored as one of the most sensational women on earth when she was crowned Miss World in 1978. A college student at that time, Silvana told the judges she wanted to be an architect. The 20-year-old beauty queen impressed everyone with her individuality. She even admitted to smoking a pipe, which she carried with her everywhere. Except, that is, on-stage at London's Royal Albert Hall for her spectacular crowning as Miss World. Nine years later, these provocative shots show that the Argentinian beauty has lost little of the radiance that won her the coveted title.

Silvana admits, however, to being shy and even withdrawn. "I am transformed, though, when it comes to work," she explains. "The shyness evaporates and I feel powerful and free when I'm on stage or in front of a camera." When asked about posing for *Playboy*, she says, "I wouldn't pose for the sort of magazine that just shows the female form as a piece of flesh. But, for me, *Playboy* is quite different. It's romantic and sensual and I don't feel like a sex object." Silvana is preparing a career as a singer in Argentina. She debuted in Japan a few years ago with some success and now she's determined to make a name for herself in her home country. And after that? Why, the world, of course!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DIVINE

NEW-WAVE SURFING

Whatever happened to Australia's radical youth culture? In the drift to conformity even scruffy surfers have turned into squeaky-clean businessmen.

TEN YEARS AGO I wrote a book in which I fearlessly predicted that by the summer of 1987 surfing would be a megabuck sport-cum-industry in which waterborne Lendls and McEnroes competed for half-million dollar purses every other week and hot-footed it between exotic

Article by **PHIL JARRATT**

surf locations in private jets. Whoops.

But like Paul Keating, my projections weren't entirely wrong, just a little extravagant. In those long ago halcyon days of 1977 when big commercial interests were starting to look seriously at surfing for the first time, I can remember worrying that we in the industry (I was then editor of the surfing magazine *Tracks*) might drown in a sea of excess liquidity. It seemed like the whole damned thing was set to take off on a giant wave of prosperity. Beach bums would be millionaires, but would they still like the squelch of sand between their toes? These were the things we pondered while we waited for the money to roll in.

And then along came the doom and gloom of the 1980s. The wave of prosperity turned into a humongous closeout set and those who didn't get wiped out rode straight in to the beach, taking no risks. Surfing suffered a J curve, perhaps bottoming out in 1984 when Coca-Cola dropped its sponsorship of the world's premier surfing event, Surfabout. It seemed like the corporate world's brief flirtation with the beach was all but over, and for the first time in years the sport's supremos started talking realistically about gearing financial expectations to available finance within the surfing industry itself.

It looked bleak, all right, but the doomsayers hadn't reckoned on the rise of the Okanui Principle. This unlikely but irrefutable law states that trends in youth culture start at the low tide mark and work back. Over the past two or three years it has created barefoot tycoons on two continents and dramatically turned around the fortunes of the sport of surfing. In short, it has become hip to look, act and talk like a surfer, whether you're from Bondi or Bourke.

How times have changed.

Ten years ago when Kathy Lette and Gabrielle Carey depicted the manners and morals (or lack of them) of the surfing set in their book *Puberty Blues*, I remember thinking that surfers had really cleaned up their act since I'd been a grommet, a decade or so before that. Oh sure, surfers were still chauvinist pigs with no style and no respect for anyone or anything, but they didn't seem to be the debauched criminal types that I used to knock around with.

Today they seem to have moved even further to the right, perhaps in reaction to the excesses of my generation. Girls are allowed their place in the surf (Pam Burridge, who was almost our first woman world champion, even looks like a girl), image and grooming are considered important, they are conscious of fitness and diet and, horror of horrors, many of them are career conscious. It's been a long time since I saw a group of surfers offend an old lady with their disgusting language, or throw a brown-eye from a passing car. They've become, I'm afraid, clean-cut.

Look at the heroes. Butter wouldn't melt in Tom Carroll's mouth and Tom Curren goes to church regularly. Compare them with Michael Peterson or Nat Young in his "animal" days and you begin to get the picture of surfing's alarming drift toward boring respectability.

And as for fashion, surfer style has gone way beyond thongs and floral shirts and captured the hearts and wallets of Middle America. This summer it is poised to capture Middle Australia, and there will be more surf "product" around than at any time since 1963, when Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon were Hollywood's surf symbols and even the Delltones were hangin' five. In fact, even the beach movie genre is coming back — complete with the now very middle-aged Annette and Frankie. One-time Lorne femlin Lindy (now Lyndall) Hobbs is directing.

At the high profile end of the sport itself — the professional circuit — the boom is reflected in the $450,000 increase in sponsorship for the 1987-88 season. According to Association of Surfing Professionals (ASP) boss Graham Cassidy, the 24-tournament world circuit this season boasts a record $1.7 million in prize-money, almost a third of it coming from the suddenly cash-rich surfwear industry. Overseas, companies such as OP Sportswear, Gotcha Inc and Marui are major contributors, while Australian companies Stubbies, Quiksilver and Billabong are long-established sponsors of events here and abroad. Says Cassidy: "We've reached the position now where the surfing industry can contribute to such an extent that big business feels safe and happy to co-sponsor."

Ten years ago, Australia, which has always been the frontrunner in commercialising the sport, hosted three annual tournaments with total tour prize-money of around $20,000, which was approximately half the purse for the entire world tour. For most surfers the life of the touring pro was a losing proposition, even if you flew standby and shunned hotels for shared doss houses. Now Australia hosts two legs of the tour, in spring and autumn. This season there will be seven Australian events with total prize-money in excess of $500,000. Two events — the Coke Classic (yes, Coca-Cola changed its mind in 1986 and decided that surfing was it) and the special Bicentennial Grand Prix — are double A-rated by the ASP, which means that sponsors must offer a minimum purse of almost $89,000. For someone who has watched pro surfing's awkward development over a decade it is interesting to note that the minimum purse for a single-A event is now $42,000 — about two grand more than the entire world tour back in 1977.

The dramatic increase in the number of noughts, particularly in the past three years, has brought about a very visible change to surfing's public image. These days top surfers drive fashionable sports cars (Australia's former world champions Tom Carroll and Mark Richards drive an Alfa and a Porsche respectively), dress nicely, never forget to thank the sponsor and — God help us — appear as guests on television game shows. When they travel, which is most of the time, they stay in comfortable hotels.

But in surfing, the trickle-down effect of prosperity has not yet reached the proportions of, say, tennis, in which the player ranked 200th earns more than our prime minister. In surfing, the player ranked 200th ought to consider getting a job. At the conclusion of the 1986-87 season there were fewer than 20 surfers who had career winnings of more than $50,000. The biggest earners — like Tom Carroll, current world champion Tom Curren, Mark Richards and the charismatic South African Shaun Tomson — had yet to win more than $200,000. These figures, however, are somewhat deceptive. Since surfing became chic, actual winnings have been merely the tip of the financial iceberg for surf heroes. In an interview earlier this year, Tom Carroll's flamboyant manager Peter Mansted claimed his number one client was worth $250,000 a year without the world title and $500,000 with it.

That's big bikkies — especially when you consider the dole bludger image that surfing has only recently begun to shed — but it pales into insignificance when compared with the economics of the industry that the sport has spawned. A decade ago when you talked about the surfing industry you meant a brave and boozy lot of underpaid craftsmen who spent every hour they weren't surfing pouring evil-smelling fibreglass solutions over pieces of moulded foam, all the while inhaling possibly carcinogenic plastic fumes. Building surfboards was a dirty business, and despite the fact that the sport was already halfway through a decade that would see its devotees grow in number from an estimated 200,000 worldwide to more than one million, there was little money in it. The handcrafting was laborious and the essentially young market could not bear a realistic price.

There were other surf products of course — wetsuits, boardshorts, T-shirts, leg ropes, surf wax, protective covers — but the market was basically defined by the number of participants and making a buck was difficult. No one beyond the surf culture itself was remotely interested in looking like he or she had just stepped off a board. There was actually an inverse cool about this too. People who made clothes for surfers knew it was instant commercial death to be found selling to some straight department store. Department store clothes — or worse, high-fashion garments — were for nerds, dickheads, Parras, Westies and valley cowboys. Surfers set their own style.

This was demonstrably true but of no consequence to the people who dictated fashion trends to the masses. It took the surfers themselves to work out that somewhere in that blaze of Aloha print and lurid plastic there lurked a highly saleable commodity.

Perhaps not surprisingly, given the fact

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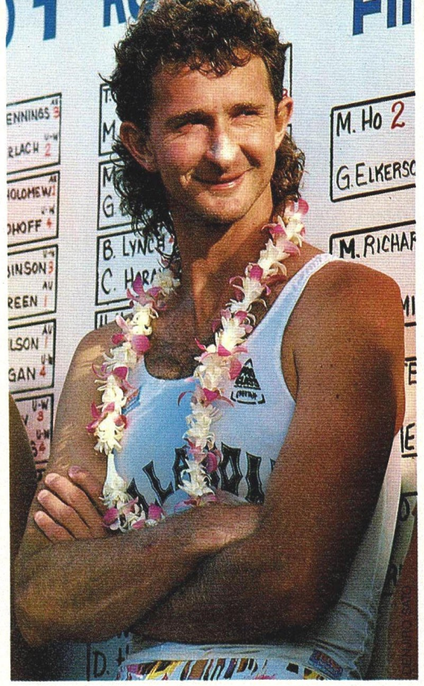
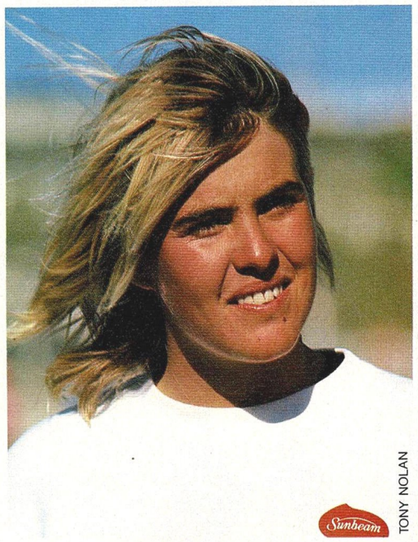


Four-time world champ Mark Richards.



TONY NOLAN

Pam Burridge, one of our best.

MICHAEL McCORMACK

Two-time world champion Tom Carroll inside a Black Rock tube.

SPY WARS

It's no secret, the Russians are masters at prying.

Article by
RUDY MAXA

Grim headlines on the free world's front pages bear bad news for Western spooks. In the ongoing duel of spies, the Soviet Union seems to be dealing the West an embarrassing, if not lethal, series of blows.

In 1985, the FBI uncovered a treacherous nest of spies — ex-navy man John Walker and kin, plus confederate Jerry Whitworth — which had sold top secret codes to the KGB for 17 years. That same year, a former CIA agent, Edward Lee Howard, eluded an FBI stake-out and stunned the intelligence community by becoming the first CIA defector to land in Moscow. Then Ronald Pelton, an ex-employee of America's giant listening post, the National Security Agency, was convicted of selling the Soviets NSA secrets.

There was worse news this year. A proud few marine guards at the US embassy in Moscow were charged with letting KGB agents roam secret code rooms, tricked by alluring Soviet women called "swallows". The embassy itself became an embarrassing debacle for the West. While the new American embassy is likely to remain unoccupied, thanks to tiny ingenious bugs implanted during construction, the new Soviet complex in Washington was built under the strict supervision of Soviet counter-intelligence experts; perched atop one of the highest points in the US capital, it is an excellent position to eavesdrop on the White House, the Pentagon and other government offices.

Has the West grown lax in security? Is the US — a country whose military now has a toll-free number for spy tipsters — simply less sophisticated than the wily Russians? How has the West become such easy prey to spies and traitors? Or have we all been a bit misled by a headline-hungry press that jumps on naive marines seduced by Mata Haris?

Not all is quite what it seems. For starters, it's important to remember that, in the spy game, the West begins at a disadvantage; it is a great deal easier to collect information in an open society than a closed one. All-important technical data, such as crop reports and production statistics, are virtually a matter of public record in the US. So is the status of key policy makers.

"You need to know what the political dynamics are, what the ideas are, who wants to do what to whom," says former CIA director William Colby of the basic function of intelligence. "We write about that on our front pages. They don't."

The Russians have other opportunities in the West that we don't have there. In addition to "moles" — deep undercover agents who gather intelligence by burrowing into sensitive positions — the USSR can recruit spies from a large population of *emigres*. A mere handful of US citizens renounce their country to live in Russia; each year, many, many times that number emigrate from Russia and the East European bloc. An uncounted number of these so-called "illegals" are, in fact,

SCULPTURES BY PARVIZ SADIGHIAN

trained and planted spies. Just such a man was Karl Koecher.

Koecher has never received much publicity outside the intelligence community — perhaps because he was never officially tried, perhaps because his case was so embarrassing for the CIA. A tall, lanky man of sour demeanor, Koecher arrived in the US from Czechoslovakia in 1965 with his wife, Hana, who was 10 years his junior, a sexy, vivacious blonde. The Koechers claimed to be political defectors, and quickly faded into everyday life as he took a variety of New York teaching jobs.

In 1973, Koecher started work at the CIA, translating Russian and Czech conversations collected surreptitiously. He also worked after hours, using his wife's sex-appeal to infiltrate upper-class swing clubs in the Washington DC area. The couple's fellow swingers included senior CIA officials, a prominent US senator, reporters and military officers.

Among the secrets Koecher may have passed to the KGB was the identity of a Soviet mole working for American intelligence in Moscow — Aleksander Dmitrevich Ogorodnick, an official in the Soviet foreign ministry. He had been "turned" by the CIA in 1974; hours after the KGB caught him photographing sensitive documents in Moscow in 1977, Ogorodnick committed suicide.

The Koechers were arrested in the northern autumn of 1984. But before they were brought to trial, they were quietly included in the 1986 swap that resulted in the much publicised emigration from the Soviet Union of dissident Anatoly Shcharansky.

"There are something like 1400 to 1500 Soviet *emigres* who have security clearances working on classified government contracts," says William Smits, a recently retired FBI counter-intelligence expert who says he was "stunned" when he learned the number. "Some of these people are third-wave, more recent Soviet *emigres* whose backgrounds simply could not be checked."

Sheer numbers of Communist agents certainly tilt the advantage toward the East, not just among "sleeper" agents but also among spies who are largely known to US intelligence — those in the diplomatic corps. Before Ronald Reagan ordered a reduction in Soviet personnel in the United States in March 1986, the Russians had 279 nationals attached to their Washington embassy staff (compared with 190 Americans at the US embassy in Moscow). Forty-one Russians manned their country's San Francisco consulate (compared with 24 Americans in the US consulate in Leningrad). And consider the United Nations, conveniently located in New York, where 275 Russians staffed their UN delegation and 260 worked in the secretariat. There is no UN in Moscow.

Not only are there more Russians in the States, but they've become a lot more adept at blending in. "We're getting a new generation of junior diplomats," says Dimitri Simes, an expert on USSR-US affairs. "They are better educated, more sophisticated, more pragmatic, and more comfortable with Western ways." Their role model these days is their embassy's second-in-command in Washington, Oleg Sokolov, who could easily be mistaken for an Ivy League-educated investment banker.

How many diplomats are actually spies? It's a safe bet that if a Russian diplomat has the freedom to pick up tabs at expensive restaurants, to cultivate American friends and visit their homes, he is an intelligence operative. Then, too, Russian journalists are not always what they seem: Stanislav Levchenko, a former KGB officer who defected to the West in 1979, estimates that at least half of all Russian reporters are paid intelligence officers. Another source has said that *all* Russian newsmen are required to pass on information. Not that the CIA has remained free of cosy ties with foreign correspondents. But beginning in the mid '70s, a closer scrutiny by both the press and the intelligence community radically changed the rules — to such an extent that when American newsman Nicholas Daniloff was charged with spying last year, it was largely viewed as a Russian ruse.

The Russians are also, quite simply, more attentive to security. Consider the fact that the US embassy in Moscow until recently, employed an astonishing 198 Russians (compared with fewer than 200 Americans) and clearly did not adequately police staff members' mingling with locals — hence the marine fraternising. In the States, most Russian embassy and mission staffers are urged to steer clear of the natives and must record all contacts with foreigners.

Not that the American stance on security has always been casual. James Jesus Angleton, head of counter-intelligence at the CIA from 1954 to 1975, was obsessed with uncovering moles and figuring out who owed his loyalty to which country. No one was beyond Angleton's suspicion, and some say his Byzantine plotting actually distracted the CIA from other, more important mandates. Furthermore, it's unlikely that even Angleton's obsessive quest would have unearthed the most lethal spy ring in recent history.

Between 1968 and 1985, a US Navy man named John Walker provided the Russians with an extraordinary cache of ultra-secret information — communications codes and details of the internal workings of cryptographic machines that gravely compromised US security. KGB-watcher John Barron, in his book about that fiasco *Breaking The Ring,* discloses that Walker and his gang provided the KGB with documents that revealed navy strategy on use of nuclear weapons, battle plans, vulnerabilities of the US and Soviet Union, and secrets that

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BATTLE OF THE BUGS

Jeffrey Richelson's field guide to listening devices.

THE EAVESDROPPING WAR is a military-industrial complex all by itself. Worldwide, hundreds of thousands of US and Soviet agents man embassy listening posts, run naval vessels bristling with antennae, or pilot aircraft and launch satellites. Their mission: to make sense of the voluminous data that ricochet around the world, particularly within the city limits of Washington DC and Moscow.

The very magnitude of the effort ensures protection for each superpower from what may seem to be major intelligence coups by the other. Even a series of disclosures or defections cannot begin to cripple the intelligence networks, for neither superpower has the resources to neutralise the other's vast listening machinery, nor the inclination to stop listening in on our politically noisy world.

BUGS: Agents of the CIA often place listening devices ("bugs") in the embassies, residences, trade missions and other offices of the Soviet Union. The KGB attempts to do the same in US offices. The most up-to-date bugs are no bigger than a tie-pin and can be placed anywhere in a wall, ceiling, chair or clothing. They can be — and have been — placed in embassies under construction; so complete is the bugging of the unoccupied US embassy in Moscow that it has been deemed useless.

The bugs can be turned on and off by remote control or be set to be activated by heat, radiation, voice vibrations or pressure. A bug in a chair may operate only when someone sits in the chair. Some bugs can record and transmit data in a microsecond burst, making detection difficult. The most expensive of the bugs cost thousands of dollars each — a minute fraction of the cost of a listening satellite.

The phone lines of Soviet and US facilities throughout the world are also targets of bugs by the CIA, FBI and KGB. The first contact of former NSA employee Ronald Pelton with Soviet intelligence officers was recorded by the FBI and later used to help convict Pelton of espionage. Among the phone lines tapped by the CIA during agent Phillip Agee's days in Uruguay were those of the Soviet embassy, consulates, and commercial offices.

Overall, bugging and phone-tapping represent a very small part of the listening war. The risk and effort involved in bugging a single office or tapping a single phone mean the attempts must be conducted selectively. As a result it's the ground stations, ships, submarines, planes and satellites with antennae that do the lion's share of spy work.

ON THE SEA: US Navy submarines of the Holystone class — equipped with intercept gear — have been operating near, and sometimes in, Soviet territorial waters since 1959. By 1975, the program had come up with vital information on the Soviet submarine fleet — its configuration, capabilities, noise patterns, missiles and missile-firing capabilities. One mission involved obtaining the "voice autographs" of Soviet subs — tape recordings of submarine noises that could be used to identify and monitor subs throughout their active duty. Holystone subs have also detected signals from Soviet missile tests and listened to high-level military conversations by tapping Soviet communications cables on the ocean floor.

The majority of the Soviet Union's mobile listening forces are AGIs (auxiliary general-intelligence) — floating antenna farms. First disguised by the Russians as fishing trawlers, the AGIs now keep their antennae in open view as they loiter off strategic locations in the US, Western Europe and Asia. In 1984, AGIs spent 62 days within a 160km radius of Norfolk, Virginia — the home of the US Atlantic Fleet — monitoring the communications flowing in and out of the base. AGIs have also stalled off Cape Canaveral, Florida, to monitor space shuttle blast-offs, early-warning communications satellite launches and Strategic Defence Initiative tests. In January 1982, a ballistic missile test from the first operational Trident submarine was delayed for 41 minutes as an air-force helicopter repeatedly requested an AGI to withdraw from its 500m proximity of the Trident sub. Ultimately, the AGI moved to a more respectable distance of 2000m.

IN THE AIR: Several times a month, SR-71 aircraft barrel down the runways of Mildenhall Air Force Base in England and roar off to the Soviet Union. Looking like a manta ray with its flat-back, radar-resistant epoxy finish and tapering nose cone, the SR-71 carries no weapons, only cameras and electronic interception equipment.

SR-71s fly at 30,000m and 4500km/h in what's known as a "peripheral reconnaissance mode". Travelling 65km or so outside of Soviet territory and parallel to its borders (since the 1960 U-2 incident, SR-71s no longer fly over Soviet territory) the SR-71's electronic intercept gear records distinctive signals emitted by Soviet air defence and ballistic missile warning radar. One aim: to develop electronic countermeasures for US bombers, allowing them to neutralise Soviet radar in the event of war.

The mainstay of the American spy plane fleet is the RC-135. Unlike the SR-71s, the lumbering RC-135s — which cruise at 900 km/h at 10,000m — can be mistaken for commercial aeroplanes. Such a mistake occurred in 1983 when Soviet air personnel, confusing the off-course Korean Airlines flight 007 for a patrolling RC-135, shot the aircraft down in the vicinity of the military installations on the Kamchatka peninsula.

RC-135s also fly from bases in Alaska, Britain, Greece, Japan and Central America, intercepting Soviet signals from submarine construction yards, missile submarine deployment areas and Soviet air squadrons.

According to US Air Force officials, the Soviet commercial airline Aeroflot is involved in monitoring communications along its scheduled and "unscheduled" flight paths in the United States. The favorite targets of such flights are electronic facilities in the Hudson Valley and the Groton naval yard in Connecticut, where Trident submarines are constructed. In 1981 and 1982, Aeroflot's twice-a-week flights from Moscow to Washington went off course approximately 16 times. Aeroflot aircraft have also "strayed" over Otis Air Force Base, over Cape Cod — the location of a new ballistic missile warning radar — and over Groton at the precise moment when the first Trident submarine was being launched.

IN SPACE: Every 90 minutes, US electronic interception satellites circle the earth, detecting signals from Soviet radar systems. Code-named Bridget, Marilyn, Raquel and Farrah by the super-secret National Reconnaissance Office (NRO), these satellites represent the least important components

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VINTAGE

Brandi

Presenting a special taste of a very fine Brandi.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

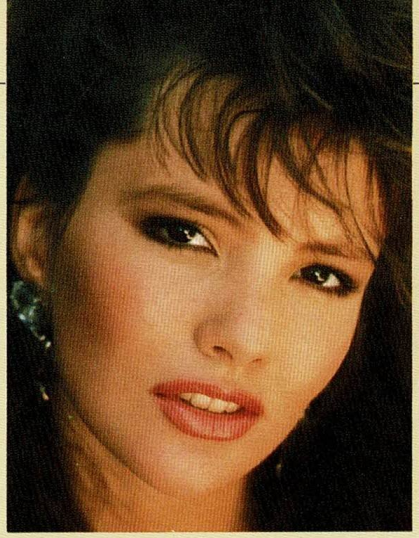
Brandi Brandt tells us that her father always told her she was going to be a Playmate. "I guess father knows best!" she laughs. "Hey, I want serious success," adds Brandi. "I want to act. Being Miss November is a thrill. I feel so sexy but I hope it's just the first thrill. I have a small part in a new movie and I think I have a lot of thrills ahead of me." Brandi admits, however, that apart from a brilliant career she also has her sights set on a husband and kids. "I want a boy and a girl and I've already picked names for them," she says. "But for now, at least, all that's going to have to wait."

Understating the obvious, Brandi says, "I could never be a guy!" What she means, however, is that the male of the species doesn't like to shop. "Guys usually hate shopping so I'd be no good as a man. There are things I don't like about being a woman — doing my hair and make-up, for instance — but shopping is important and guys just don't understand that."

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Brandi Brandt



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Brandi Brandt.

BUST: 91cm (36") WAIST: 61cm (24") HIPS: 91cm (36")

HEIGHT: 165cm WEIGHT: 54 kg

BIRTH DATE: 2.11.68 SIGN: Scorpio

AMBITIONS: By 1990, I would like to be a HUGE!! star.

TURN-ONS: SHOPPING! Dancing, Acting, Good Music, Jon Bon Jovi.

TURN-OFFS: An empty bank account, waiting at stop lights.

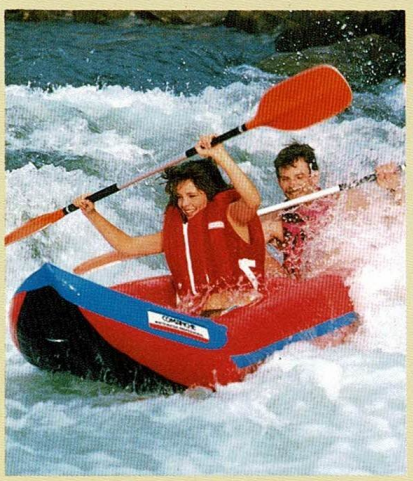
FAVORITE BOOKS: "The Agony and the Ecstasy." "To kill a Mocking Bird."

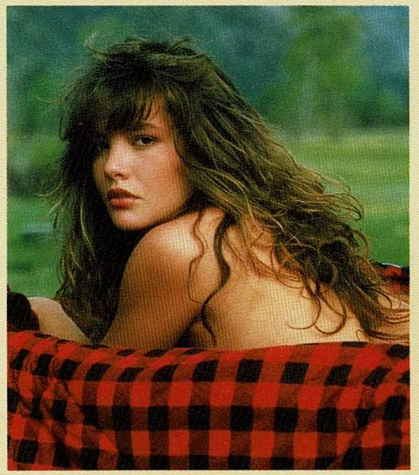
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Jefferson Starship, Bon Jovi, David Lee Roth.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Hockey, Tennis, Swimming,

IDEAL MAN: Good hearted, Motivated, funny, honest, hard to find.

SECRET FANTASY: It wouldn't be a secret if I told!





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The old ship's radio operator had had enough of the abrasive young feminist sitting next to him in the neighborhood bar.

"In my book, honey," he growled, "a woman is still basically two dots and a dash!"

Just before closing time, an elderly man called into the town's clock shop, browsed for a few moments and then approached the pretty young shop assistant.

"May I help you, sir?" she enquired.

"I'm not sure," he hesitated. Then he suddenly unzipped his fly, pulled out his penis and slapped it down on the counter.

Having regained her composure, the young girl managed to stutter, "I. . . I'm s. . .sorry, sir, this is a clock shop, not a cock shop."

"I know that," he said. "I'd like to have a face and hands put on this, please."

A camera team from a Brisbane TV station was relaying live on-the-street interviews regarding the use of prophylactics.

Stopping a very attractive young woman, the reporter asked, "What do you think about using condoms?"

"Condoms?" she said, looking at the camera. "Depends on what's in it for me."

A hunter and his guide were deep in the African bush when they stopped to rest. The hunter gazed at his companion and mused, "I'm a pretty big fellow, you know. If I had a heart attack or broke a leg, how would you get me out of here?"

"Last year I shot a huge buffalo out here and got it out all right," the guide replied.

"How'd you manage that?"

"Twelve trips."

The sexy young woman had handled herself well on the witness stand during the accident case. In an attempt to rile her into giving a contradictory statement, the insurance company lawyer began asking insinuating questions.

"And I suppose, Miss Williams," he sneered, "as the elevator was falling, all your past sins flashed before your eyes."

"That's ridiculous!" she snapped. "The damned thing only fell 40 floors."

Three men were trying to guess the professions of their respective pick-ups of the previous evening, judging by their bedroom performance and conversation.

The first insisted that his date had been a nurse because she had said, "Lie back and relax. This won't hurt a bit."

The second concluded that his must have been a schoolteacher because she had said, "Do it over and over again until you get it right."

The third figured that his date must have been an airline stewardess because all she had said was, "Put this over your mouth and nose and continue to breathe normally."

A little boy kept imploring his grandfather to make a sound like a frog, but the old man, busy repairing a kitchen pipe, refused. When the child persisted an hour later, the grandfather finally poked his head out from under the sink and snapped, "All right, Matthew. But why all the fuss?"

"Because Grandma said when you croak, we're all going to Bali for a holiday!"

The priest had had a long, tiring day listening to the confessions of his flock in a small Australian bush town. He was almost nodding off when the last sinner of the day, a knockabout mechanic from the local garage, sat down and confessed he'd committed adultery.

"Who was it, my son?" asked the priest.

"I can't tell you that," Jeff the mechanic replied.

"Well, was it Mrs Stephens from the milkbar?" he asked.

"No, don't be silly!" laughed Jeff.

"Okay, was it Mrs Kirby, the doctor's wife?" the priest queried.

"Of course not," laughed Jeff.

"Perhaps it was Mrs Jackson from the post office?" the priest continued.

"Look, I can't tell you who it was," said Jeff. "Let's forget about it for the moment. I'll come back another day."

He raced outside to where his mate, Kevin, was waiting.

"Well, did you receive absolution?" asked Kevin.

"Nah, but I've got three bloody good contacts!" chortled Jeff.

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Not only does it cover the warranty, we guarantee it'll get you laid the first week."

Article by
MERRILL SHINDLER

HONEYMOON FOR ONE

A tale of modern romance in which the author's better half turns out to be himself.

IS THIS WHERE Hemingway used to sit?'' I asked the bartender, who threw me the hairy eyeball and replied: ''Yeah, that's where Hemingway used to sit. He'd come in here, and make a point of sitting on all the barstools, so years later Americans could rub their butts on the same sacred spot where he used to park.''

''How do you like that?'' I said to the young couple standing near me in the bar at Harry's in Venice. I threw back another Bellini, a stupid drink made with peach nectar and champagne for which they bilk the tourists out of 10 bucks at Harry's. It was maybe my third or fourth, I wasn't counting. ''How do you like that? I'm sitting where Hemingway used to sit. Hey, I bet you're on your honeymoon. Am I right?''

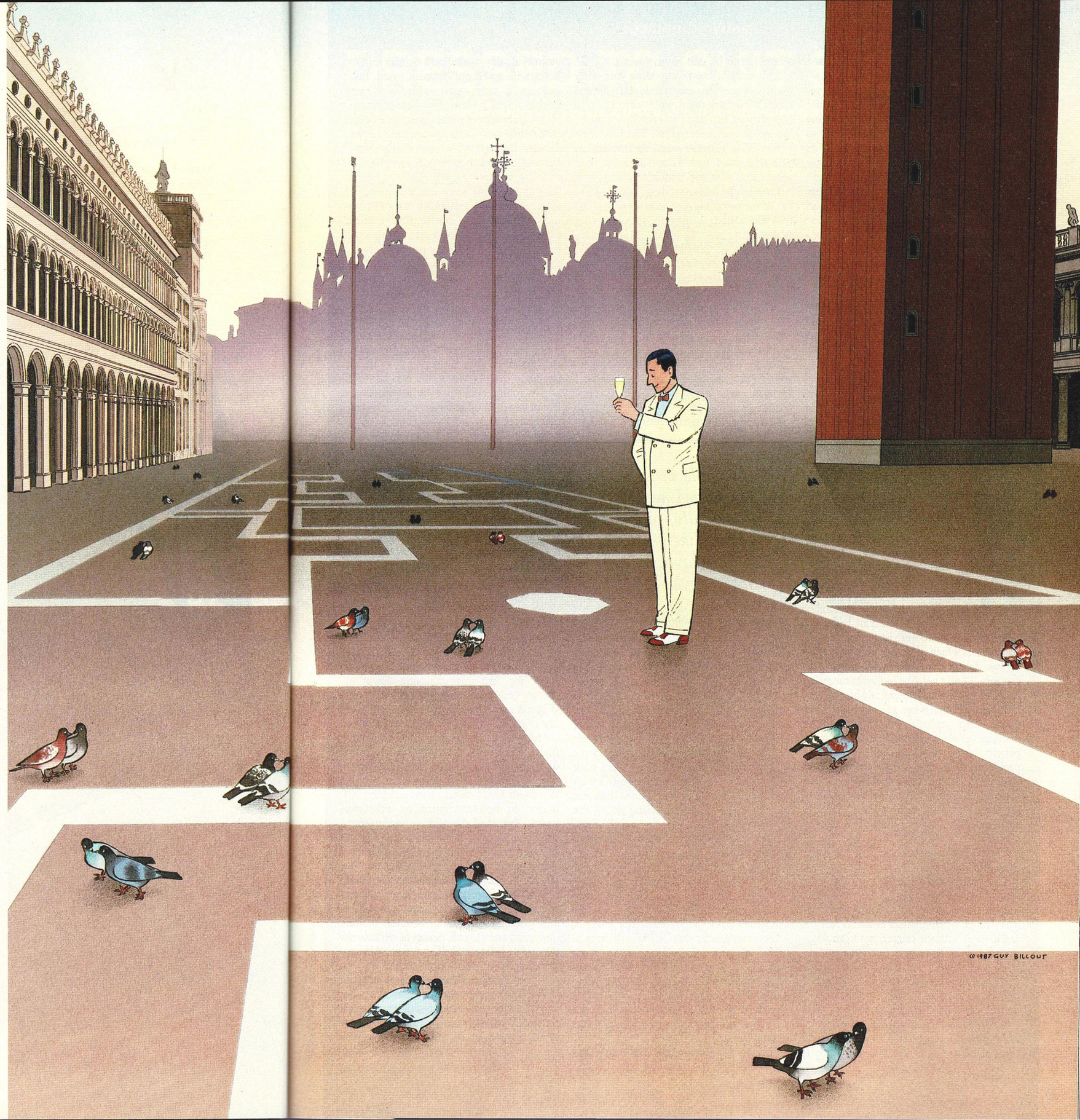
They told me I was right, and edged away from me a little.

''No reason to get worried,'' I said. ''I'm on my honeymoon, too.''

That's nice, they said. And where's your wife?

''She couldn't make it,'' I told them. ''So I came by myself.'' I laughed the laugh of a man who's on a brief leave from a halfway house, and they edged further away, giving me a look of mild horror as they climbed to the second floor dining-room. I lifted my Bellini and toasted other happiness, and my own joy at being on my honeymoon. It was a good honeymoon, even if it was a honeymoon for one.

I actually hadn't planned to go on my honeymoon by myself. Actually, I had planned to go on my honeymoon with a wife — *my* wife, to be more exact, a perfectly wonderful woman I had lived with for some five years. We were perceived as being the ideal couple. People invited us to dinner parties because, they told us, we made the evening so much fun. And fun was something we had a lot of — I've got boxes and boxes of slides to prove it. The slides show us in Noosa and Surfers, in Mexico and Hawaii, in Japan and Hong Kong, in



New Zealand and Fiji, having a great time together.

After five years of living together, I developed the foolish idea that marriage would be a good thing. It would cement our already perfect relationship. It would allow us to grow together even more. It would give us a reason to start a family. And so, for her 35th birthday, I gave her an engagement ring, which she tearfully accepted. We went out for dinner, where we ate caviar and drank champagne. Life was good and all was right as far as the eye could see. This perennial bachelor was getting hitched.

Unfortunately, this perennial bachelor had also set up a fine bit of infernal machinery, which would become his undoing. I had helped support the wife-to-be as she had gone through a major career change, which had resulted in her becoming an MFC — a marriage and family counsellor. Suddenly, a cigar was no longer just a cigar, and a relationship was no longer just a relationship. Things had to be probed, poked, investigated, looked into, hashed over. Soon after we became engaged, she revealed to me that there were a number of aspects of my personality with which she was unhappy.

"You've never been unhappy with any aspects of my personality before," I told her. "But I'm only too glad to make myself perfect for you. What changes would you like made?" Product of the '60s and '70s that I am, I felt that change was no problem at all. After all, Alan Alda was my role model, and I knew that in this situation he'd do all he could to be tender and understanding. Little did I know that in just a few weeks, my new role model would be Rambo, mixed with not a little Norman Bates.

She told me there were just a few personality defects which made her uncomfortable. I was impatient, she told me. "No problem," I told her. She looked at me sadly, and told me that just might not be enough.

She insisted that we go to a marriage counsellor. "No problem," I told her. The marriage counsellor suggested that I be more patient, spend more time talking about my problems, and get a weaker personality. "Great," I told him. "I'll do whatever I have to do to make this relationship work. We're the perfect couple after all — everybody says so. I'm deliriously happy — I'm getting married."

"Just work on it," he told me, and the chill grew worse.

Still, when you're focused on what you want, you tend to be blind to the simple realities of the world. I didn't think anything was strange when my fiancee found reasons not to meet with the caterer, not to go shopping for a new house, not to buy a wedding dress (even though she helped me choose a very nice dark blue wedding suit). Blinded by love, I stumbled forward, ignoring every danger sign along the path to mythical bliss. I even made all the necessary plans for my honeymoon, including a full set of reservations at honeymoon suites all over Italy. It was going to be one helluva trip.

Six weeks before the wedding date, after many delays, we went out to eat Chinese food. We talked about what sort of dog to buy after we got back from our honeymoon. We ate chocolate ice cream. Then we went home to address the wedding invitations. She addressed two, then stood up, and announced that she couldn't do it.

I tried to be understanding, and spoke to her of the naturalness of being nervous. She told me it had nothing to do with being nervous; she just couldn't do it. Her reason was simple — she didn't *feel* like it. It's considered to be rude to cancel a dinner invitation for any reason less than the death of a close family member. But in the case of a marriage "I don't feel like it" is perfectly acceptable. Miss Manners says so.

In the next few weeks, my life fell to pieces, and then continued to crumble into particles. Thanks to a carefully regimented routine of throwing up five times a day, I lost a quick 10 kilos (proof that every cloud has a silver lining). My former fiancee moved out the next day, neatly ending a five-year relationship because she didn't feel like it. Like a flagellant carrying a cross, I staggered from friend to friend, relative to relative, grocer to garbageman, telling anyone who'd pause for a moment about the grief that had befallen me. Total strangers were accosted on the street, and regaled with my tale of gloom. And then, when things seemed their very worst, two things my daddy told me came back, like klieg lights in a very dark night. One was: "Never get involved with a woman who has more problems than you have." The other was: "Living well is the best revenge." It was too late for the first; but the second — now there was a High Concept for the '80s.

The couple in front of me started necking frantically, rolling about like gerbils on heat. Maybe I should have stayed home.

At first, living well meant trying to fornicate myself into a coma. But that got boring — after all, I had just been chucked out of a deeply meaningful relationship. Sex was not what I was looking for. In time, and not a very long time at that, living well came to mean eating and drinking. And drinking some more. I began to drown my sorrows at the bottom of a bottle. And I came to realise that in only a few weeks, that bottle was going to be filled with Italian wine, for the departure date for my honeymoon was drawing nigh.

And so I found myself, one bright and sunny July day, seated on a Qantas flight to Rome with an empty seat next to me. I was wearing a very smart white suit with Reeboks, which seemed a reasonable alternative to the sort of white shoes worn by real estate salesmen from Queensland. I had decided I'd wear white suits on the trip (I had another one in my suit carrier) because they'd give me an air of rakish abandon. They'd make me seem like a man with a secret. They'd attract women to me in pavement cafes. And, of course, they'd let me pretend that I was a gigolo, which is no small trick when you look like a cross between Ricky May and Toulouse-Lautrec.

In the seats in front of me were another couple on their honeymoon. (I was doomed, on this particular voyage of discovery and introspection, to run into dozens of couples on their honeymoon, not one of which deserved to be married as much as I did.) As soon as the door of the plane closed, the couple in front of me started necking frantically, rolling about like gerbils on heat. I began to get an undeniable, creeping sense that maybe I should have stayed home

As the plane taxied down the runway, I also began a diary of sorts to my ex-fiancee, which I thought I'd give to her as a snippy present upon my return. On one level, I was letting her know about the fabulous trip (and by extension fabulous person) she had missed; on another level, though, I was also trying to work out with her (*in absentia*) just what had happened.

This being the beginning of the trip, I felt that I should be feeling awfully sorry for myself. I opened the diary writing: "The people around me are all very happy. They chatter constantly, saying *'bene, bene, bene'* and *'prego, prego, prego.'* They sing. They tell jokes in Italian. I don't understand the punchlines, which must be why there are these hot, sad tears coursing down my cheeks. Can you imagine any other reason?" When it comes to milking a situation, I'm one of the Guilt Masters Of The Universe.

My sense of gloom grew throughout the flight. The happier the people around me were, the more miserable I became. I came to truly understand the meaning of the old saw about how "Misery loves company". I longed to be surrounded by miserable people. Perhaps I should have gone to some place like Funeral Peak, California, out in the middle of the stinking Mojave Desert, where people have no reason to be happy at all. Maybe I should have gone to Chernobyl. Or perhaps, it occurred to me, this would be a good excuse to go to the town of Assisi, and become a helpful brother to the oppressed and gloomy. An act of selflessness would be sure to make any former wife-to-be miserable that she had left me.

By only the merest strand of good fortune, that whole concept was wiped away by my very first bottle of Pinot Grigio in my very first genuine Italian trattoria. The wine cost a couple of bucks, the meal cost just a little

(continued on page 116)

Fashion by Vitek

DRESSED TO SUIT SUMMER

Casual suits in subtle colors are the fashion news this summer.

Hot, vibrant color combinations are out. Cream, white and subtle pastels are in for the summer season. And we welcome the return of the suit: loose, unstructured suits and sports coats are teamed with T-shirts and informal sports shirts to present a casually elegant combo to see you sailing through any social occasion.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO

On the left, grey checked cotton jacket with high-cut back and low-cut front ($285) is matched with white T-shirt ($39) and grey pleated pants ($138). On the right, his cotton suit features a tie waist ($200) and is teamed with a black button-down T-shirt ($39). All garments from the Dom Bagnato '87 summer collection available at leading boutiques. Her cotton and silk blend jacket ($320), white blouse ($120) and linen skirt ($140) are from the Trent Nathan summer '87 collection.

Two styles of suits by Seed, a label specialising in well-priced, comfortable clothing. Both are in cotton, priced at $260, and teamed with cool T-shirts ($66). Available through department stores and leading menswear boutiques.

His cotton jodhpurs with button-down sides ($109) are partnered by an oversized cotton jacket ($240) and light cotton collared T-shirt ($49), all from the Najee colonial look collection available through Najee shops. Her cotton pleated skirt ($80) and matching shirt ($85) are by David Lawrence for Sportsgirl.

On the left, his over-sized linen jacket ($170) with matching white double-pleated pants ($85) are from Tres Bon and available from leading men's stores around Australia. His shirt ($68) and tie ($25) are by Najee. On the right, his cotton shirt ($69), sweater ($90) and linen pants ($90) are from the Eros collection by Trent Nathan and available through department stores.

His casual cotton suit ($340) from Tres Bon features a batwing jacket with full under-arms for loose summer comfort. Her simple crew-neck dress ($120) is by Trent Nathan.

THE GREAT CRICKET DEBATE

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

Ten years ago, Kerry Packer's PBL changed the face of this game in Australia by introducing World Series Cricket. Ever since, controversy has raged over the long-term effects of "pyjama cricket" on the game itself and on our Test team. We asked two recent Test greats to debate the issue. South Australian captain David Hookes defends Packerisation, and leg-spinner Kerry O'Keeffe puts the case against.

FOR

by **DAVID HOOKES**

THE INTERNATIONAL sporting world shook on its foundations at the announcement of a breakaway rebel cricket series. The shock came on May 9, 1977. On that day, sports administrators, players and fans read with great interest and more than a little concern about the face of traditional cricket being changed forever. And if cricket couldn't hang on to its time-honored traditions and gentlemanly conduct, what chance did other sports have?

The two years of World Series Cricket produced exciting changes in the game but unfortunately strained lifelong friendships that only time has healed.

Numerous changes, not only in cricket circles but in world sport, have resulted from Kerry Packer's revolutionary two years of "circus" cricket. Improved television coverage of live sporting events is the most obvious change to the armchair critic, closely followed by better conditions, including players' salaries. Coverage has progressed from a single camera at one end of the ground covering a full six hours

(continued on page 109)

AGAINST

by **KERRY O'KEEFFE**

JUST OVER A decade ago with characteristic bold strokes of a pen on a number of fairly weighty cheques, Kerry Packer, through his marketing arm PBL, began an innings which, although brief, turned not just a single match but the very game of cricket itself.

Though a century and an ideology apart, Packer's cameo places him squarely at the shoulder of that extraordinary Englishman W.G. Grace as the peerless director of the course of cricket of his time.

As odious as the comparison may be to some, there is no denying that while Grace was cricket in Victorian England, Packer and his innovations are cricket in contemporary, permissive Australia.

In a game venerated for its subtleties, Packer's World Series Cricket (WSC) was about as subtle as a six over mid-wicket. Play after sunset was introduced. Creams became pastels. Balls were bleached. The crowds rolled in. The players had money in their pockets. Packer cricket was a success.

The intuitive Greg Chappell confided privately to discontents that

the "circus" would play for two years and then all would be back to normal. Well, he was almost right. The "circus" did last for two years. Packer's whim moved on to golf "skins" and motor racing but the legacy of his brief, but telling, visit to the crease is that PBL is still the heavy hand monitoring cricket in Australia.

Quite obviously, though, our game is anything but normal. It is the age of flannelled razzmatazz. Hype and promotion transcend everything. But more significantly, it is a climate not designed to cultivate the "hard-nosed" cricketer our national team so patently requires and therein lies the most subversive aspect the WSC influence.

Perhaps the most galling area of all is the programming of matches. Five Tests are lumped on top of each other so as to finish by early January and allow the month-long parade of vulgar swiping that is pestiferous "one-day" cricket.

Test players now "guest" for their States on a very casual basis and rarely, if ever, for their club teams. Playing standards in the Sheffield Shield have, by unanimous agreement, fallen to an unacceptable level of mediocrity.

Bluntly, we are now considered very poor at a game at which we were once very good. Why? Well, while it is generally conceded that Pakistan, New Zealand and India have hugely improved of late and that no team could afford to lose the holy trinity of Chappell, Lillee and Marsh simultaneously, the crux of the problem lies elsewhere. The naked fact is Australian cricket appears to be on an irreversible course of Americanisation that is very quickly destroying the fabric of our cricketers.

If video killed the radio star, then a game specifically programmed to put "bums on seats" is badly wounding the Aussie cricket star. There are priorities of far more immediate worth than the taking of the game deeper into the superficial electronic age. Problem areas such as technical deficiencies *must* be addressed quickly. Rarely have I seen so many first-class cricketers so flawed in technique as the current crop on display at our major grounds each summer. On occasional days during a Sheffield Shield season, some very good fare is served up but too often the problems in technique which so afflict the national team are painfully obvious to the keen eye.

Opening batsmen failing to cover the area on and outside their off stump through inadequate footwork, middle-order men "shovelling" across the line with an ugly dominance of bottom hand, and fast bowlers whose wayward head position at delivery prevents consistent line and length: these are all examples of underlying weaknesses which have not been corrected as players have made their way to the top.

The inability of coaches who hold senior office around Australia to perceive and overcome glaring mechanical faults is another chronic problem. But, no more of that here. Suffice to say that the major concern of those running the game — as it was during WSC — appears to be more in the staging and promoting of a sporting occasion.

Furthermore, at a time when our young, developing players crave normal conditions in which to gradually find their feet under the traditional Sheffield Shield format, New South Wales moves to play alien day-night fixtures this season and sees itself as "progressive" for its foresight. Perhaps in the light of our Test teams' underwhelming record since 1977 (we have won just 26 of 102 Tests), it may be more prudent to check rather than progress.

If Australia were a current world cricket power, brimful of genuine, established players, and New South Wales dominated the domestic scene, then the house may be in the sort of order to allow such occasional fancy but, frankly, it is not. Limited-over cricket and night matches have seemingly become the only life-support system the Australian Cricket Board (ACB) and the various State associations will entertain.

The great tragedy of recent times is that Test and Sheffield Shield matches have become esoteric, and supported and appreciated by a diminishing number. WSC, with its "let's do it the Yankee way" overview, ushered these types of cricket to the outfield while it spread the gospel to a wider audience. The time is now appropriate for that newly captured following to receive further tuition.

Because the game's syllabus is so structurally basic, one-day cricket supporters are generally a touch naive. A strong drive by the ACB and its marketers to draw them to first-class fixtures could prove mutually beneficial. And they *will* turn up, as long as our best are among the world's best.

But we must play less limited-over stuff for this situation to come about and, mercifully, there are signs in the itinerary for this summer that the wheels of change may slowly be grinding into action. The responsibility rests singularly with the administrators — the more Americanised and jazzed up our game becomes, the longer our cricket flag will fly at half-mast.

The current domestic calendar of fixtures is playing havoc with the maturation of our most promising cricketers. How difficult it must be for fast bowlers such as Queensland's Craig McDermott and Victoria's Merv Hughes to establish themselves at Test level as an attacking force in the knowledge their methods may be viewed unsuitable once the concentrated one-day tournament gets under way.

A fledgling pace bowler must be allowed rein. He simply cannot attack for two months of a Test series then have to immediately change bowling strategy to contain runs for a month or so under totally diverse conditions. Even an embryonic Dennis Lillee may have struggled given a similar imposition.

Or take the case of the hugely talented Stephen Waugh of New South Wales. Here is a 22-year-old batsman with the undoubted potential to take Australian cricket optimistically into the 21st century. Sadly, however, the boy is struggling with a Test average of just 28 and still without a century. The simple fact is that Waugh's career has anything but a sound base. He has emerged without the solid grounding of two or three seasons in the highly competitive Shield arena.

Waugh was promoted to a poorly performing Test team after a handful of Shield appearances and immediately experienced difficulties of adjustment. The present program of cricket in this country, however, gives him no avenue from which he could restore technical and psychological balance and harden his resolve for cricket at international level. And his career statistics are chilling testimony to his plight. In virtually no time, Waugh has played an unbelievable 39 one-day internationals as against a mere 13 Test matches — a disturbing ratio of 3 to 1 in favor of the less credible cricket. Equally worrying, the young New South Welshman has chalked up just 37 first-class matches — again, less than the number of times he has taken the field in tinted clothing.

The ACB owes it to Steve Waugh, in fact to cricket in this country, to arrest such an imbalance and lobby purposefully for a more acceptable program of fixtures aimed at disallowing such a situation to recur for any of our gifted youngsters.

The annoying contemporary public perception of cricket is that it is now exciting. Before WSC and the innovations of that regime, it was considered "slow and boring". Slow and boring? What a harsh indictment on our national capacity to comprehend the game and how disquieting for those who earnestly pray for a return to the days when a Test series spread throughout the summer and the majority of Shield matches featured full-strength teams.

For this train of thought Kerry Packer has much to answer but, although he may have spawned this shallow appreciation of the game, gung-ho marketers and "progressive" administrators are fostering it with amazing zeal. For the sake of Australian cricket, it would not hurt in the least if the direction of the game were to suddenly change even if the public initially saw it as a return to the fuddy-duddy era when the game was "slow and boring".

The common aim must be for the Australian side to regain its former position as a powerful force in Test cricket. To my way of thinking, success in a limited-over encounter at 10 at night, even with a full house, seems meaningless in comparison.

Surgeons must sometimes sever a limb to save a body. Australian cricket without the arm of extravaganza may not be as profit-making but, for those vitally concerned, it will indeed be profitable.

"The card number is... "

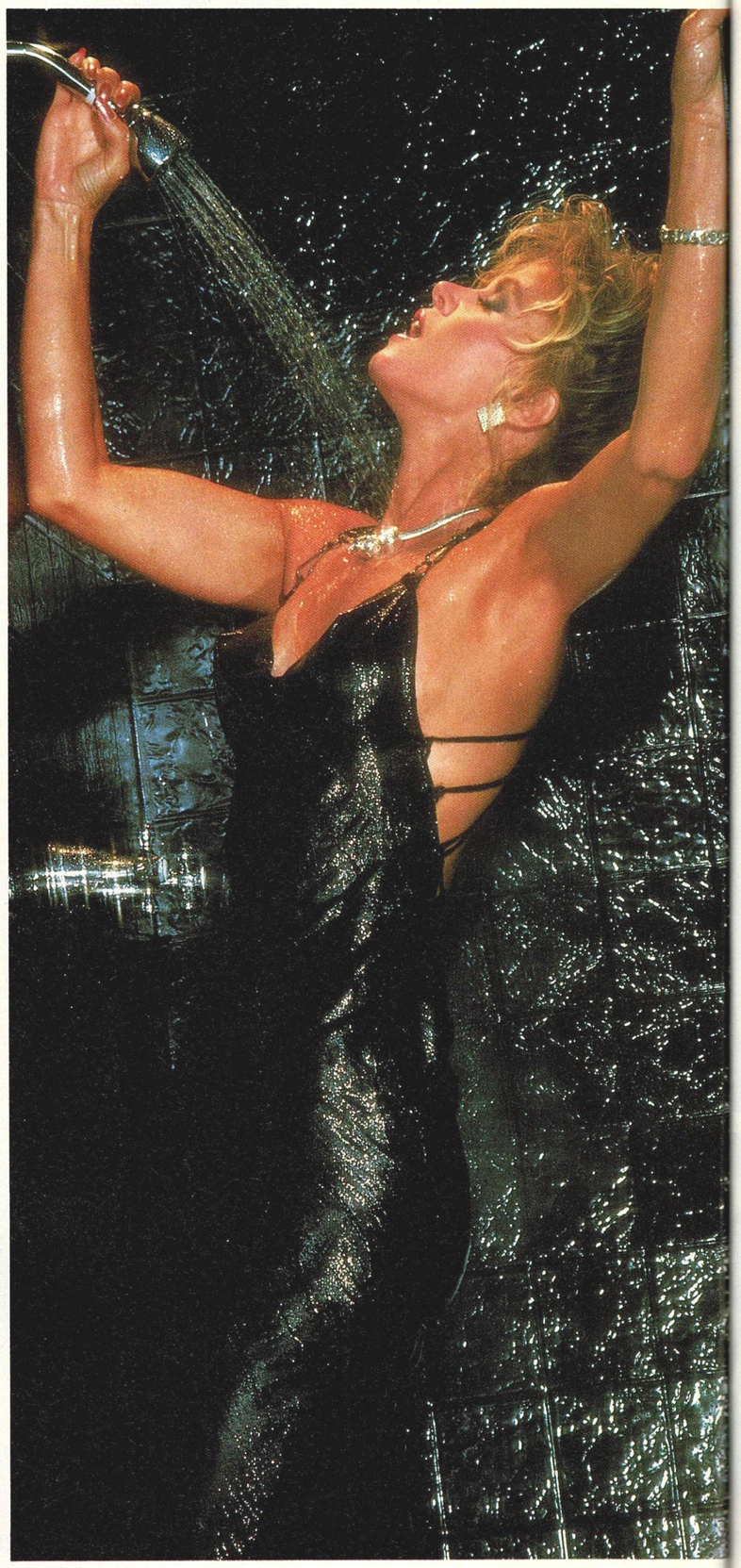
THE PRIME TIME OF MISS DONNA MILLS

In tonight's episode, one of the sexiest women in prime-time TV, Donna Mills, exposes her evil twin, Abby Ewing of *Knot's Landing*.

Donna's Abby, pictured with estranged hubby Gary, played by Ted Shackelford, always plays for keeps.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

Wake up, Gary Ewing! You had a wife — the sexy, hazardously curved Abby Ewing, the best thing to hit Knot's Landing since Knot landed there — and couldn't keep her. Very soon, according to Abby's best friend (the sexy, hazardously curved Donna Mills), Abby just might fall for the new guy on the Landing, a (hint, hint) high-cheekboned ex-swordsman and *Cabaret* star. You kept her for a while there, Gary, but you should have learned — Abby is *never* satisfied. We hate to tell you, Gary, but Donna knows Abby better than you do. "Playing her does something to me that turns me on," Donna told us. "She just. . . comes out. She's not really evil. Abby needs



understanding. Abby has a good side. She gave a kidney to her niece a few years ago." Your wife, Gary — the only monokidneyed prime-time vixen — needs TLC! But maybe you'd be wise to forget Abby, Gary. Find someone a little more domestic, someone who prefers planting roses in the backyard to hatching schemes in the boudoir. Someone like Donna, who's smart, sexy and *nice*. Donna feels for you, Gary. She can hardly believe Abby did *Playboy* without telling you. When we asked her what your reaction would be to sharing your wife with millions of our readers, Donna shook her head and said, "He should have expected it."

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY AUSTRALIAN FORMULA ONE GRAND PRIX OFFICE

GRAND PRIX COUNTDOWN

Time is the real enemy of the Grand Prix driver. Milliseconds can mean the difference between popping champagne and running on empty.

THE TIME: 1.45pm Saturday, November 14, 1987. The place: the streets of Adelaide. Time is running out on the last qualifying session for the Australian Formula One Grand Prix. The circuit is bare of cars, and an eerie silence has descended over the pitlane. Yet the air is laced with tension. Along Jones Straight, down through East Terrace, Rundle and Dequetteville, there is an air of expectancy, the feeling that something big is about to go down. On pit

Motoring by **ROB LUCK**

straight, the eager heads peer from the jam-packed stands into the pitbays, looking for the first hint of movement, the first sign of a car firing up or rolling out. Still there is nothing. The seconds tick over, agonisingly. There's less than 15 minutes for a team to make its last desperate bid for pole.

It is a Mexican stand-off. Already, everyone knows everyone else's moves. There have been four days of unofficial and official practice. Four days of manoeuvring between the teams to determine who has the edge on the most challenging and demanding street circuit in the world. In the past two hours, every major car from every team has been on the circuit. The times from the top eight are within a few hundredths, and there's still no clue as to who has a definite edge. No hint of a superior car/driver combination, with less than a quarter of an hour to go. Who will it be? Who will try to make the final running?

Suddenly, there is an explosion of activity in pitlane. Officials are running, pit observers scattering. There is the thunder of a car being started in the bowels of a pitbay, and the hideous wail of exhaust and turbo as the throttle is relentlessly blipped. Still, it is hard to see where the action is, just which pit is firing its charger. The pit straight stands seem to lean forward, en masse. Down through the twisty parts, the circuit looks as if it narrows 10 metres with gazing heads leaning inwards.

Then there is an eruption of sound as the car leaps from the pitbay, into pitlane and rockets down the chute to the straight. Through the throng crowding the pitbays it is impossible to see. Just a lightning haze of smoke and dust and scattering runners. The clock has paused at 1.47pm. So who's about to make the pace for the third Australian Formula One Grand Prix, and the last round of the 1987 world championship?

●

Fifteen minutes is a long time in motor racing. Races have been won and run, lives have been won and lost in less than that time. There are drivers who will tell you, earnestly, that 15 hundredths of a second is a long time in motor racing. They are the drivers who have watched a pole position evaporate in a margin that small, sitting in their car, in the pitlane, with just insufficient seconds left to set a better time.

There are drivers who will tell you that 15 milliseconds is a long time. They are the drivers who have watched a wall or catch-fence come rocketing at them, their brains reacting in slo-mo as every detail flashes before their eyes, acutely aware that this is a fragile balancing act between life and death.

Time is always the enemy of the Grand Prix driver. There is the time he must set on every lap of every circuit. No matter if it is private practice, tyre-testing, routine chassis development, or Grand Prix qualifying and racing. Each has its own demand, which is never less than the best for the circumstances. Each is minutely scrutinised by the observers.

Time is the enemy during a race when the brain must juggle a hundred variables to get a victory: lap time versus fuel consumption, tyre wear versus pitstops. Time lost or gained by a solitary, isolated brakestop, or wrong-reading a pass on a slower car. In these circumstances, time can cost dearly — a race for sure, or even a life.

Time is the enemy on the limit, where a racer must spend more of his life than any other person on earth. Time can make its own judgement on life and death, in the milliseconds it takes a brain to react. One hundredth of a second error in dodging another car, one thousandth of a second miscalculation in correcting a slide. That's when time is Old Man Time and carries a scythe. The thought is never far from a Grand Prix driver's mind. . .

But the modern Grand Prix circus has developed new, high-tech techniques to put the Grand Prix jockey under the thumb-screws of time. These days, the GP pilot doesn't move without an on-board computer. Not just any computer, but a particularly advanced piece of surveillance equipment that records every intimate detail of car and driver performance. It's like having Big Brother in the cockpit.

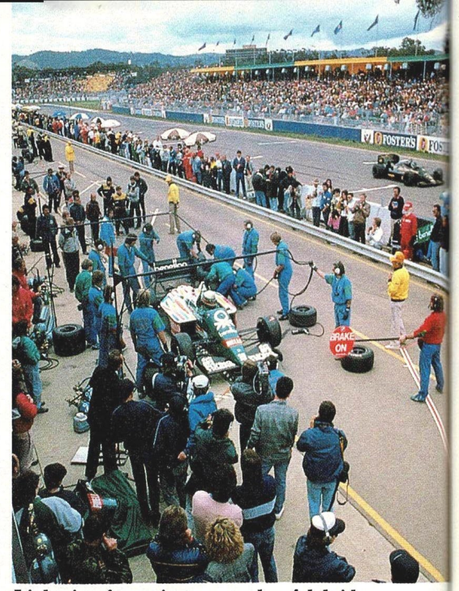
"I reckon the bloody thing could tell me when I fart," one driver told me. "It knows everything. . . what revs I used in every gear, what gear I used where, where I braked, when I screwed the turbo up."

The computer is the high-tech tool of the Grand Prix car of this generation. Victory is impossible without its assistance. It rules every inch of the Grand Prix driver's racing path. It is his coach, counsellor, adviser and supervisor.

There are, of course, those who fear it will take over in the GP cockpit, eventually making a driver redundant. But they are missing the point of this game, not the least of which is the human element. For a driver can still do something that a computer will never do: a driver can *feel*. He can also touch, and smell. And he can react — beyond a set of pre-programmed parameters — instinctively. And there is another factor — a driver has *balls*. Ask any driver about his most desperate successes. You will get a straight enough answer: "It was crazy, risky, dangerous, but I had to do it." The computer, given the same command, would have blocked the move.

For some drivers, the computer represents an on-board spy, an electronic tattle-tale to report back every fault and indiscretion to the headmaster in the pits. The best drivers see it as a useful tool to hone their own driving skills and extract the best from their machinery.

"The bloody thing is terrifying," says Australia's Alan Jones, a man who won the world championship without a black box in his car, but a man who now lives and works with one every day of his racing life aboard the works Toyota sportscar he drives. Jones is familiar with the F1 black-box, having run



Lightning-fast pitstop at the Adelaide Grand Prix.

two seasons with it aboard the Haas racing Lola he campaigned until last season.

"I still remember the first time I used one in Japan," he says. "I did some pretty good laps, made a few unforced errors, came into the pits feeling fairly pleased with myself. They mounted up the monitor in front of me and played out my lap times. Then this little Japanese head leant over and he said, very politely 'Ah-so, Mr Jones, very nice driving, but you missed fifth gear on turn five on lap three, is that right?'

"It was right," says Jones, "and there is the temptation to boil over at the surveillance. After all, the bloody computer doesn't have to wrestle with a sticky lever or a crook clutch or whatever it is you think made you miss a gear.

"You can see it that way or you can use the thing positively. I prefer to work with it, and the guys who drive it, because it is a pretty handy machine. That computer also told me something else that day. It told me if I used third on a certain corner instead of fourth I could get right in the middle of the engine's maximum power output. That meant I could take the corner faster than I was. I went out, changed my braking points, used a different gear and shaved a few tenths off my time. It turned out to be a winning margin.

"Oh, and I got the darned gearlever fixed. The mechanic was inclined to argue with the driver, but not with the computer and the computer operator."

The computer is a no-excuses device. It simply records facts. It doesn't interpret and it doesn't make value judgements. That's for the human element — the driver, the team manager, the mechanics. But one of its toughest tasks is to calculate the future from the facts of the past and the present. That's what GP racing is all about these days. And with the tricky set of regulations a Grand Prix team works under, it was never more difficult than this season.

Time is the enemy during a race when the brain must juggle a hundred variables to get a victory. Pitstops can cost dearly.

Mr Supercool, Alain Prost, in his Marlboro McLaren.

The controlling body of motor sport, the Federation Du Sport Internationale and its special subsidiaries control Formula One regulations (under the Concorde agreement which is thrashed out and set down for three-year terms). Under the rules, the turbocharger is being phased out over a three-year period. The year 1988 will see the last of the turbocars. And even in that year they may be hobbled beyond effectiveness. At the same time, a new formula is being phased in, to take over completely in 1989. It will use normally aspirated engines (that is, engines that "breathe", or take in their diet of fuel and air, without the aid of "supercharging" devices such as the turbo).

Instead of killing off the turbos altogether (there are millions of dollars of development at stake), they are being wound down. First of all, their fuel consumption is being limited to 195 litres. Then their engine power is limited by a special valve, supplied by the organising body, which prevents the turbo producing over a certain power. This device releases engine pressure (at 4 bars) and the turbo blows off, like a pressure cooker, instead of putting the charge into the engine. This gadget is called a pop-off valve. The turbo cars are also handicapped like racehorses — they carry an extra 40kg in the saddlebags (540kgs).

The limits on power, weight and fuel are not chosen by accident. They are specifically designed to make it difficult for a turbo-charged Grand Prix car to make it to the finish of a race while using more power than a normally-aspirated engine (which may be 3.5-litres, up to 12 cylinders and has no power limit). This type of engine also consumes less fuel, but it produces less power. So the trick with the turbos is to make them fast *and* fuel efficient. As any ordinary motorist knows, you can't have both. Jam your little toes on the throttle and you'll watch the fuel gauge sink. Tippy-toe around town and you'll get blasted at every traffic light GP.

Enter the computer. Its job is to calculate fuel used at any given point against fuel required to finish. The monitoring system is monstrously complex, and hundreds of thousands of bits of information are processed each lap to provide the answers. This is displayed in the simplest of terms on a small screen on the dash. Basically it tells the driver one fact — how many laps left in the tank at the current racing speed.

If the screen reads, say, 2.5 (laps of fuel left in tank), and the driver passes the pits and his pitboard tells him 4 (laps left in the race), he is already in debt 1.5 laps. The answer: he must slow or run out.

Of course, life is never that simple, particularly on the GP circuit. Sure he can slow, but by how much? Sure he is in the lead, but can he hang on? The same pitboard also said +6. He has just six seconds on his next adversary; if he slows too much, he gets overtaken. If he keeps the throttle too wide, he runs dry.

Nelson Piquet had it happen to him in the British Grand Prix just this year. He lead 62/64 laps. Then his computer told him to cool it. Nigel Mansell had it happen to him in the same race. He took a slowing Piquet and crossed to win, but his computer showed him 2.5 laps in arrears! Technically speaking, he ran out of fuel even before he passed Piquet. No computer would take that risk. Only the driver with a winning urge.

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It is 1.50pm, Saturday, November 14, 1987 and the tarmac outside the pits of the Adelaide round-the-houses circuit is shimmering in the heat-haze of a squadron of screaming racers, frantically buzzing the circuit in search of a pole-winning time. There is Ayrton Senna, the top gun of JPS Lotus, and Mr Supercool, Alain Prost, in the Marlboro McLaren. There is Michele Alboretto in the Ferrari, making a last-ditch stand for the Prancing Horse in this 1987 GP finale and there is Nigel Mansell, whom fate dealt a crushing blow last year when his tyre blew while leading just seconds from home.

But where is Nelson Piquet, double world champ, and the model of consistency in this championship year?

It is 1.55pm when Piquet tickles the tacho on his Williams racer and surges down pitlane. He has a "perfect" set of rubber he's spent the morning session bedding in. He has enough fuel for three laps; he has a new "secret weapon" in chassis tuning he has persuaded the mechanic to try. He has just enough time to take pole — one warm-up and one flying lap. He knows the mark to beat and he knows how to do it. He is on a roller and he knows it. But he has to put everything on the line. . .

According to the best info from the computer, it is technically unlikely, if not impossible. Mansell's time has maximised the car's performance. It is hotter now, and the circuit is slicker. There is the risk of a slower car, unseen on the fastest line, the smallest error of judgement or miss in the car. There is the certainty that every last millimetre of blacktop must be used. No computer would take the risk. Not this late, not with this much at stake and not on the basis of mere driver supremacy or confidence. But then, computers don't have balls.

BUGS *(continued from page 59)*

Approximately six times a year, a rocket lifts off from the USSR carrying intelligence satellites.

of America's electronic ears in space. A tenth of the way to the moon — at 35,000 km in space — resides a group of satellites which, rotating with the earth above its equator, constantly intercept communications from large sections of the world.

Since 1970, the NRO has placed at least nine of these hovering spy satellites into orbit. The first of these was Rhyolite, which could, in the words of *The Falcon And The Snowman* author Robert Lindsey, "monitor Communist microwave radio and long-distance telephone traffic over much of the European landmass" — eavesdropping on a Soviet commissar in Moscow talking to his mistress in Yalta or on a general talking to his lieutenants across the great continent."

Rhyolite also monitored walkie-talkie chatter during Soviet military exercises: signals which would reveal the number of warheads on a missile as well as the missile's accuracy and range, and data which would determine whether or not the Russians were abiding by the terms set forth in the SALT treaty.

Another NASA project involves the unfurling of an umbrella-like antenna in space (nearly twice the size of a football field) which is so sensitive to low-powered signals that it will pick up broadcasts from radios the size of a wristwatch. This capability will be useful in the collection of data from bugs and sensors which the CIA has managed to place in Soviet conference rooms and offices.

Approximately six times a year, a rocket lifts off from the Soviet Union carrying electronic intelligence satellites. Operating at 800km above the earth, the satellites' antennae focus on worldwide targets, the most important being American Strategic Air Command (SAC) bases and early warning radar locations around the US.

Since 1967, Soviet satellites have also monitored "Looking Glass", an alternative command post for the SAC. Every hour of every day, a jet carries an air force general over the mid-west of America who, under certain circumstances, would be able to launch intercontinental ballistic missiles toward the Soviet Union.

WHO LISTENS WHERE

THE SOVIETS:

SAN FRANCISCO **Overlooking San Francisco from one of the city's famous hills, the seven-storey Soviet consulate uses its powerful rooftop antennae to absorb communications from computer and micro-electronic firms in Silicon Valley (100km to the south), and to home in on navy installations in San Francisco bay and on international oil companies within the city itself.**

WASHINGTON STATE **Soviet Victor-class submarines lurk near Whidbey Island at the entrance to Puget Sound to obtain "voice autographs" of US Trident submarines which head out into the Pacific.**

GLEN COVE, LONG ISLAND **Defector Arkady Shevchenko recalls that at a Glen Cove facility, "the top floors of the building are full of sophisticated equipment. . . to intercept conversations". This equipment provides the Russians with information passed to and from military bases, defence contractors and naval yards in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut.**

PIONEER POINT, MARYLAND **Located in the "electronically quiet" Chesapeake Bay, intercept equipment at the Soviet recreational facilities in Pioneer Point can pick up telephone conversations from Washington to New York, which maintain strong, clear signals as they pass from one relay station to another.**

WASHINGTON DC **From the present Soviet embassy in downtown Washington, the Russians, via rooftop antennae, target the communications of the CIA, the Pentagon and the Treasury, Agriculture and Justice departments. Former CIA agent Harry Rositzke theorises that "in the early 1970s, the Soviets could monitor all of the telephone calls to and from the Department of Agriculture, and they ended up knowing more about the American grain market than we did. . . That's how they got that great grain deal."**

CARIBBEAN **One hundred km south of Havana is Lourdes, the Soviet Union's largest listening facility. Two thousand Soviet technicians man the facility, which consists of vast antenna farms, large satellite dish receivers, high speed microwave relay systems and 50 buildings containing equipment used for monitoring, processing and analysing data.**

Among the conversations to which Lourdes listens: field telephone relays among army units on manoeuvre at Fort Benning, Georgia; communications of B-52 bomber practice flights from Florida to Louisiana; radio traffic from US Atlantic fleet headquarters at Norfolk, Virginia; computer data and private telephone calls from Atlanta to Miami and across the entire South-Eastern United States.

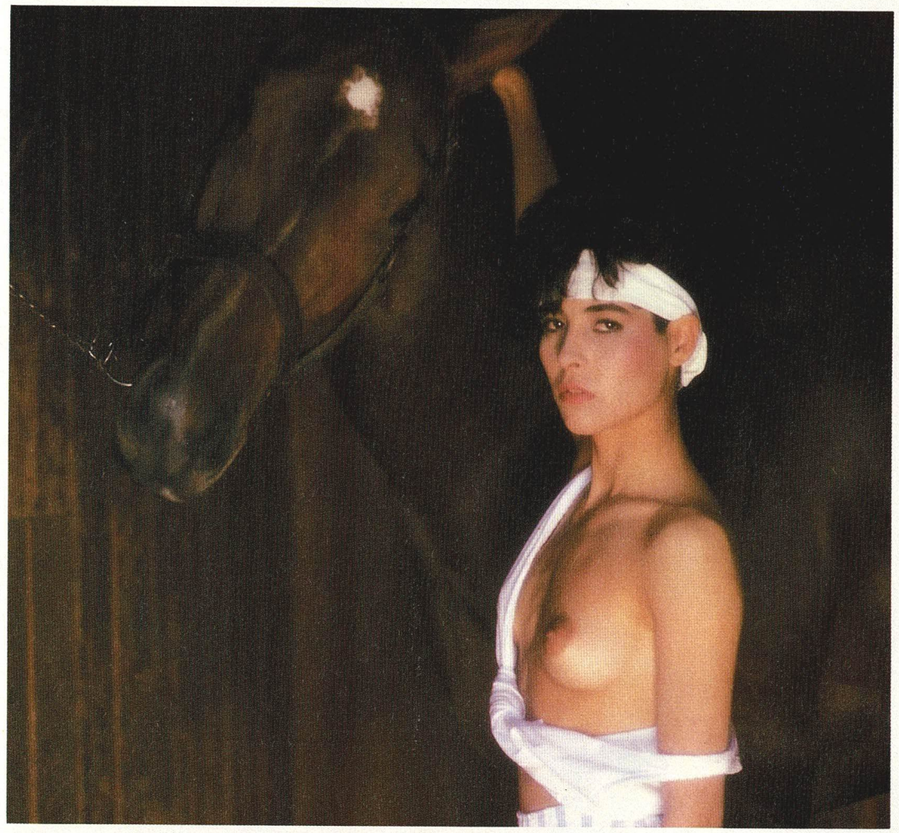
MEXICO **When the United States tests a Patriot or Pershing II missile from the White Sands, New Mexico, proving grounds, Soviet vans pull up along the other side of the US/Mexican border and, presumably, target signals that betray function and capability.**

THE AMERICANS:

JAPAN **Seven km north-west of Misawa Air Base in Japan is the "Hill", a facility topped by a 300m tall antenna system consisting of rings of reflector screens with a diameter three football fields long. Almost 2000 personnel from all four branches of the armed services man the facility which, according to one account, "can pick up a Russian broadcast in Sakhalin or an exchange of insults on the Sino-Soviet border."**

OUTER SPACE **At a now-closed US intercept station at Karamursel, Turkey, Americans listened in on a final, tragic conversation between cosmonaut Vladimir Komarov and Premier Alexei Kosygin after ground controllers informed Komarov that his parachutes would not open and he was doomed. A crying Kosygin told Komarov that he was a national hero, that he had made the greatest achievement in Russian history, that they were proud of him and that he would be remembered. After Kosygin, Komarov's wife got on the line for a final farewell. In the last few minutes, Komarov began falling apart, saying: "I don't want to die, you've got to do something."**

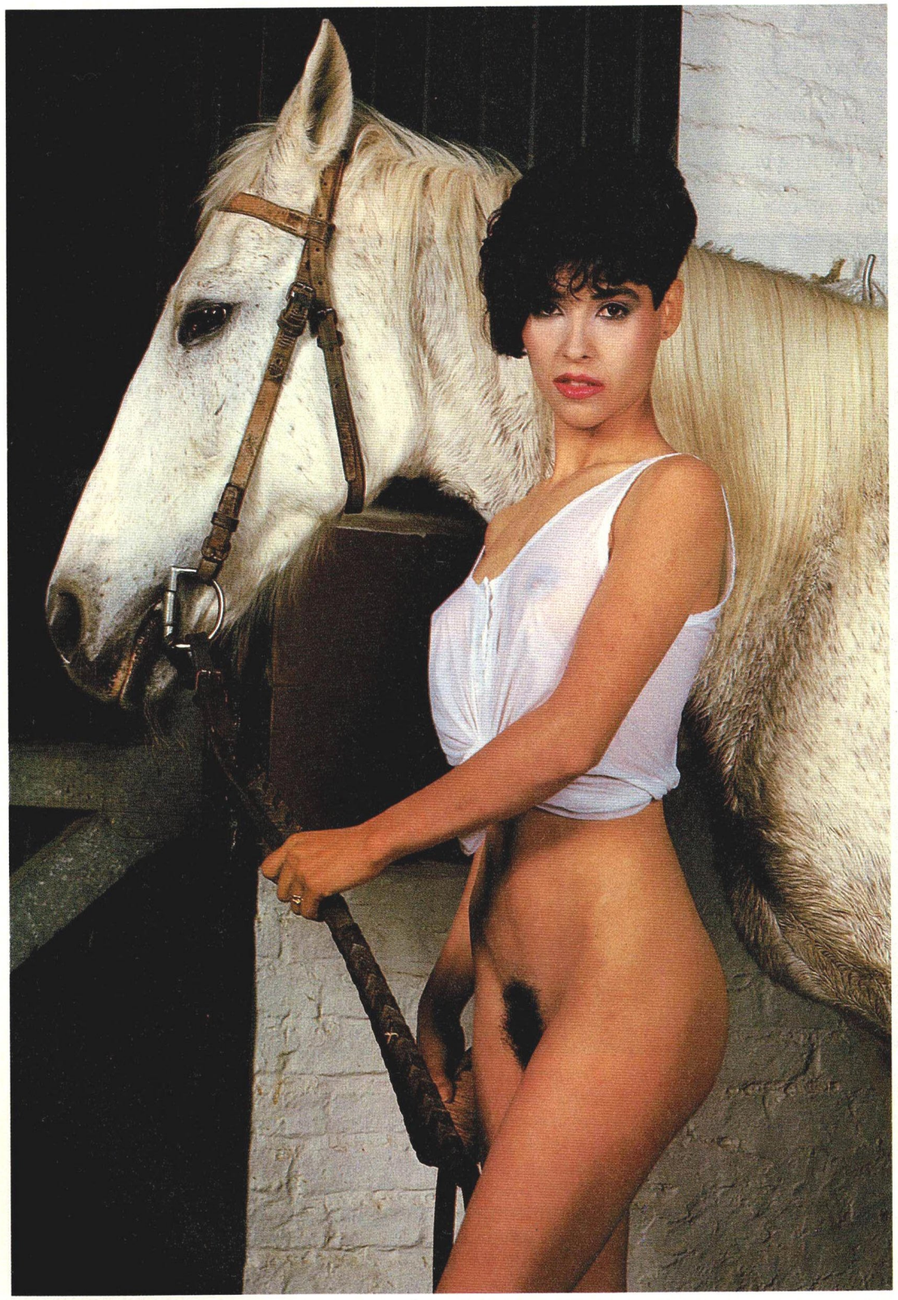
A former National Security Agency employee recalls: "We were all pretty bummed out by the whole thing. In a lot of ways, having the sort of job we did humanises the Russians. You study them and listen to them for so many hours that pretty soon you come to feel that you know more about them than your own people."



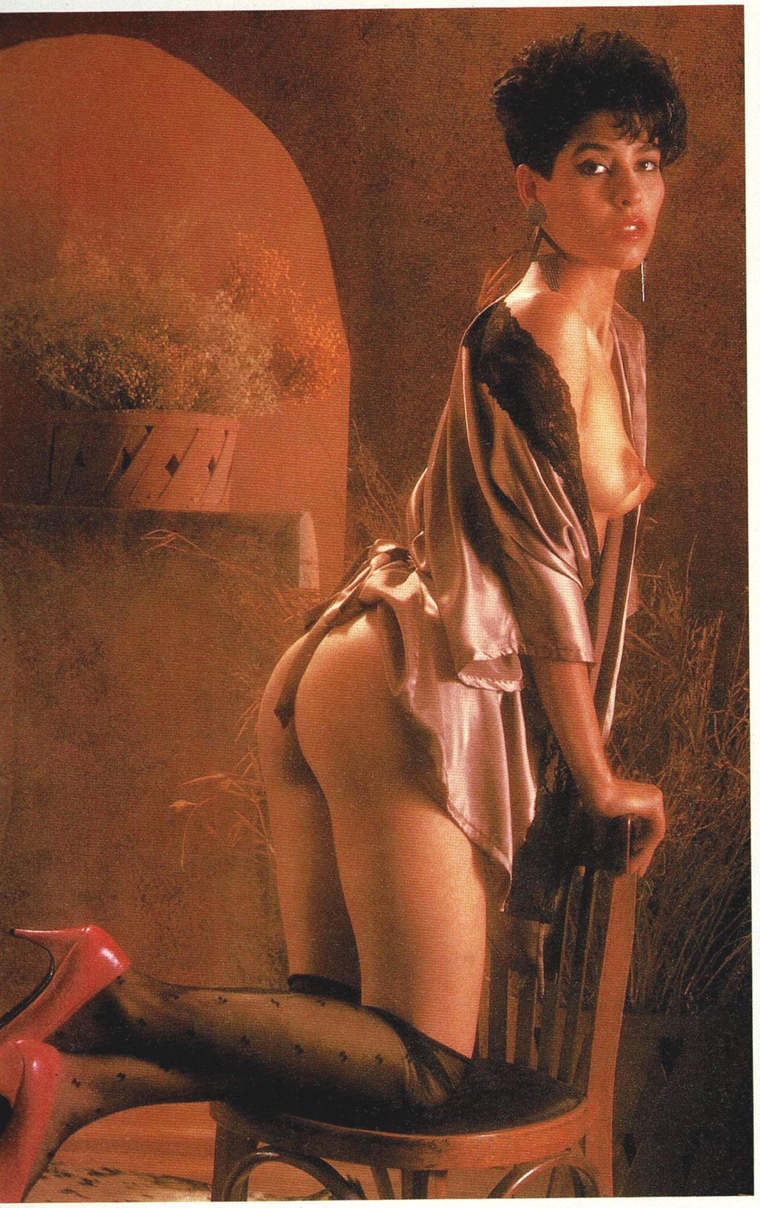
FAVORITE FILLY

Place your bets, gentlemen, on the winning form of Miss Dolores Lopez.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ISIDORO RUBINI AND RUDY HANAK



It's Melbourne Cup month. The time of the year to pick a horse, place your bets and hope to make a killing. There's no such thing as a sure winner, however. Unless, that is, you back our beautiful jockey Dolores Lopez. Here's one racetrack beauty that could never be pipped at the post. "Well, I suppose I could be the best-looking jockey around," she laughs, "but it's more important that I know how to ride well. And I'm learning all the time."



Dolores has been riding since the age of seven when she was presented with a horse for her birthday. "I come from a family of horsey people," she says. "My father played competition polo and my three brothers all ride well. But it was still a bit of a shock to my family when I decided to become a jockey. They thought that because I'm the only girl I'd be something feminine like a model or a ballerina when I left school! They were sceptical at first but now they're behind me all the way!" Just like a lot of male jockeys, Dolores? "Maybe," she smiles. "But I've yet to win a really big race. That's my real ambition. Melbourne Cup, here I come!"

JOHNSTON *(continued from page 38)*

If the truth is to be known most jockeys are little shits. We're snappy little bastards.

those places but the crowd is entirely different. There's nowhere near the same level of excitement. In Australia most people go to the races for the enjoyment, for a day out to see the horses and the jockeys and maybe have a flutter. It's not like that in Singapore and Malaysia. Every Saturday they have crowds of 60,000 or more and maybe 5000 of them are ladies. I've never known anyone over there go to the races for enjoyment. They go to win. There is no excitement for them unless they back a winner. I knew waiters in restaurants over there who'd earn $220 a month, and when they got their wages they'd have $210 of it on a horse.

PLAYBOY: Is that sort of thing what led to the vicious beating you received in Penang in 1984?

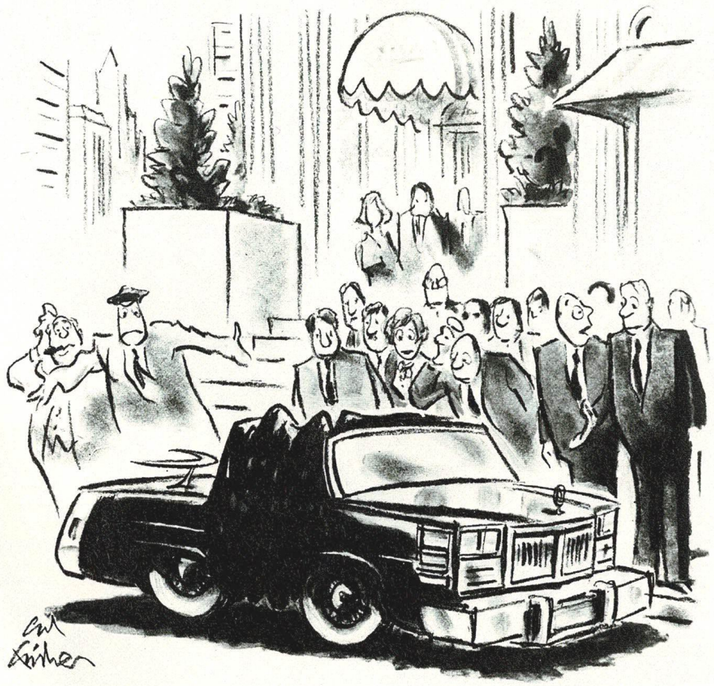
JOHNSTON: Oh yeah, I can guarantee it was a group of irate punters. Probably the most frightening thing that's ever happened to me. I'd heard jockeys got belted over the head up there but my attitude was, well, I'm not going to do anything wrong so nothing will happen to me. A lot of the jockeys have bodyguards when they travel but I thought that was a load of shit. It's all because the punters get so snakey when they lose.

PLAYBOY: Were you attacked leaving the track?

JOHNSTON: No, it was two days after a meeting and I couldn't even pin what happened to a particular race, which made it even worse. I came out of the hotel to drive to the track one morning and I went to unlock the door and heard a noise. I looked around and some bloke belted me with a piece of four-by-two. I put my arm up to stop the first one and it broke my hand. I fell down and copped another one that broke my nose. I was gone then and they could have killed me. There were about four of them. It frightened the crap out of me but I was determined not to let it beat me. They weren't gonna frighten me out of the country, and when I'd recuperated I went back for another eight months.

PLAYBOY: Did you have a bodyguard second time around?

JOHNSTON: Bloody oath! I mean mine wasn't the first or the last incident. Alvin Sweeney got shot at on his way to the track. They blasted the windscreen out of his car. Nigel Tiley was run off the road and he was lucky to get out without a whack on the head. It's unfortunate, but that's the system over there.



"A stretch limo — and then suddenly, something just went 'snap'!"

PLAYBOY: Did you feel very different about the racing scene here when you returned?

JOHNSTON: Oh yeah, I live for and love Australian racing. It was fantastic to be back for good after three years, but I was also a bit apprehensive about how I was going to go. There were a lot of good jockeys around.

PLAYBOY: What was the signal for you that you were going to be okay?

JOHNSTON: I started getting offered good rides again. Gail and I have moved from our place at Coogee to a big new place at Castle Hill, I was happy and my first big ride I won the Epsom on Magnitude. Things started to click after that. I was back on the map.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned your wife then. She used to ride too, didn't she?

JOHNSTON: Yeah, she used to ride work at Warwick Farm. She was a very good horsewoman, a good show rider. I met her when I was 17.

PLAYBOY: And then you set a new world record for long courtships. Why were you so reluctant to tie the knot?

JOHNSTON: Well, it was on and off [*laughs*] but we always seemed to get back together. I just didn't really want to get married until I felt ready to raise a family.

PLAYBOY: Do jockeys get chased by women? Are there racetrack groupies?

JOHNSTON: Oh, I get letters. I used to get more before I was married. There always seem to be young girls at the track who'd like to grab hold of an apprentice. They seem to think jockeys are the ultimate, just like some girls think footballers are. If the truth is to be known most jockeys are little shits. [*Laughs*] We're snappy little bastards most of the time. I don't know if any of those girls read *Australian Playboy* but if they do I've got a bit of advice for them: if you get a jockey, be patient with him.

PLAYBOY: It's Cup time. You've gone close but you've yet to win it. Is the Melbourne Cup important to you?

JOHNSTON: Yes. As an apprentice I had two ambitions. One was to be the leading jockey and the other was to win a Melbourne Cup. Most jockeys would say the same. My greatest disappointment in racing was being beaten by a neck in the Cup [*when Gurner's Lane beat Kingston Town in 1982*]. I dearly wanted to win it on the black 'orse, but he's gone and I reckon I've got 15 Cups to go. I mean, it's just a shitpot two-mile handicap but it's the ultimate for any jockey.

PLAYBOY: Given the tyranny of magazine publishing deadlines this might seem like an unfair question, but as we go to press, who would you like to be riding in the 1987 Foster's Melbourne Cup?

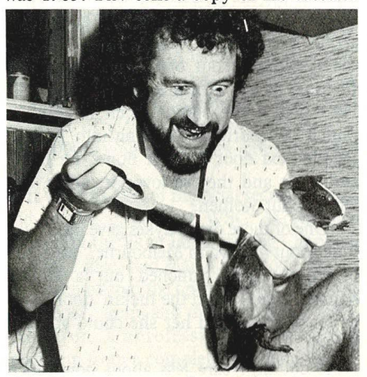
JOHNSTON: I think I've already ridden my Cup mount and he hasn't raced in Australia yet. Actually there are two English horses being trained by Paul Sutherland and one or both could get to the Cup. If they do, either of them could nearly win the race. After those two I'd be on Myocard.

KEVIN *(continued from page 42)*

Kev: "Shit, I was busy. I'd do my spot, compere the tits and feathers, flog my cassettes. . . "

Before he has a chance to introduce Ross Mitchell, the doorbell rings. Kev bounces to his feet mumbling, "Shit, I'm busier than a bouncer at Bob Trimbole's funeral." It's room service with a tray of food which Kev deposits on the sideboard and ignores.

If your mental picture of the average entertainment manager is that of a briefcase-toting rat with a gold tooth, you're obviously not thinking about Ross Mitchell. A big, bear-like fella with the sort of tolerance that sits well with Kev's innate cheekiness, he came to the entertainment business by way of Johnny O'Keefe's management team, not long before the Wild One prematurely expired. It was in the foyer of an elevator show that Ross first encountered Kev. That was 1985. Kev sent a copy of his cassette



Masking tape on a guinea pig? A class act, our Kev!

over via courier ("I was pretty bloody impressed with that," says Ross) and six months later, with the shoebox full and more work offers than he could handle, the performer invited the ex-JO'K man to become his manager.

The second album sold so well that Kev had to call in the accountants ("Yeah, give me 75 percent and I'll help you") to sort out his financial affairs. They must have been impressed with the man's money-making potential, as was Ross Mitchell. Kev, though, insists that he was only in it to have some fun. He was thinking that maybe he could turn his $100 a gig payments into $150 if he had a cassette to sell. He did better than that. The Perth punters couldn't get enough, to the point where a 20-minute spot at Raffles Hotel would earn him 200 bucks, and after the show he would flog 1000 bucks worth of cassettes to the fans, who would line 40 deep clutching their cash.

"Shit, I was busy then," Kev reflects wonderingly. "I was my own roadie, I'd do my spot, compere the tits, bums and feathers, do another spot, flog my cassettes and then tear home to label and package another 1000 cassettes for mailing. Ross came along and changed all that."

There had been some flirtation with the major recording labels but none of the company heads in Sydney had been prepared to run with the project. After all, the only place the album was showing up was on the Perth charts and that was only because the retailers had done an about-face and begged Kev to supply their stores. It had gone to Number One within a fortnight of appearing in the Perth charts, knocking off Dire Straits and Jimmy Barnes in the process. In 1985, Kev flew to Sydney to record a Comedy Video Store segment for ABC-TV. He did five songs which they chopped up and presented in bastardised form. Kev said: "Fuck it, television's not for me."

While on the east coast, he had talks with one record company and thereby gained an insight into what some of the major companies were up to: "Rippin' off the artist."

"They offered me 11 percent of my own fucking' product! I couldn't get over that.

"So, we're sitting there," Kev recalls, "and the GM says, 'Kevin, we're going to make you very rich.' I stood up and my last word was: If they're your figures and that's your attitude, you can go fuck yourselves!"

He said much the same thing to CBS who obviously didn't take it too personally because the company eventually signed him. The point was these companies first had to convince this Wilson fella that they could offer him something better than he had already achieved under his own steam. The onus was on them to prove why he needed to join a major label. CBS eventually got its man by making its offer more attractive. Kev puts it down to the fact that he has an aversion to seeing grown men cry. When the contracts were signed, the company accountant steered him to one side and said, "I don't know whether you realise it, mate, but you've just pulled off the biggest artist's bias contract ever drawn up."

It gives the performer a lot of satisfaction knowing that CBS is mindful that he will not be put on the rock'n'roll assembly line. As Kev says, "I didn't have to suck money's dick."

Inexplicably, CBS grabbed the second album rather than the first. Kev asked them if they wanted the first but they declined the offer. By the time the second album hit the 100,000 mark they said, "Tell us about this first album." Kev said, "Ya wankers, that's gonna cost ya fuckin' heaps now."

If you combine the cassette Kev made off his own bat with the CBS figures, the second

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album has chalked up sales of around a quarter of a million items. In 1986-87 that made it second only to John Farnham's blockbuster which broke all records for an Australian album. Kev ran into Whispering Jack at the Australian Recording Industry Awards (ARIA) show from which Farnham walked away with six major prizes. Said Kev to John: "I'm fuckin' glad you didn't record a comedy album as well." To which Farnham replied: "And I'm glad you didn't get any airplay on your product!"

Since then the CBS people have reported that the first album has gone platinum with sales of more than 100,000. Unlike the normal pattern for record sales whereby the punter does his purchasing a day or so after pay-day, Kev's records usually sell best on Mondays for the simple reason that people have heard them at parties rather than on air.

As for the content of his work, Kev has had plenty of feedback, from laudatory acclaim to being labelled racist and sexist. Triple Jay in Sydney played *Livin' Nex' Door To Alan* one night and gave out the phone number on the cassette label. When Ross arrived at work next day his answering service was jammed with callers, "most of them sounding out of it", calling Kev a fucking racist. Kevin couldn't care less. He's played the song, which is about a bunch of Aborigines moving into Jutland Parade next door to Alan Bond, for black audiences and they've loved it. Okay, but what about women?

"One of those diesel dykes gave me a hard time about it down in Melbourne," says Kev painfully. "She punched out a coupla bouncers and kicked the fuckin' door down to get to me. I told her she could go fuck herself."

He couldn't care less about how much social comment people read into his songs. To a query about heightened childhood expectations as flushed out in *Santa Claus, Ya Cunt, Where's Me Fuckin' Bike*, Kev says that if you met his kids — Greg and Sharon — you'd understand.

Album number three is upon us and the Wilson family bank manager is looking ahead to another good year, which is neither here nor there to Kev. He's happy not to be boxing up cassettes every night. Outside of that, little has changed in his life. His band is still the same line-up as five years ago, his wardrobe is still more BBC Hardware than YSL haberdashery. And he still lives in the same house. So what about his new-found status?

"I'm cynical enough to realise that it's not gonna last forever, but I don't really care."

You get the impression that there is very little that fame can teach Kevin Bloody Wilson. Or is there?

"There is *one* thing," he offers, "but me wife Shirl might be upset if she reads it. . . I get the impression celebrities get more fucks than electricians!"

CRICKET DEBATE

(continued from page 82)

It is an unfortunate fact that the baggy green Australian cap doesn't even pay the phone bill.

of play to nine strategically placed cameras, microphones in the stumps bringing the on-field atmosphere to the home viewer, and even an attempt, albeit futile, to interview batsmen immediately they were dismissed. That faltered in the early days when Dennis Lillee was dismissed without scoring and as he stormed off VFL Park, he answered the inane question "How do you feel?" "How do you fucking *think* I feel?"

The players have been brought to life through extensive advertising and marketing campaigns and are now well-known celebrities. That's a far cry from the days of cigarette picture cards, infrequent newsreel coverage and plying the cork off Coca-Cola bottle tops to reveal your favorite players.

With higher profiles being established for cricketers, salaries have increased proportionally. Each of the Australians on the 1972 tour of England received just $2000 for six months, and the 1977 Centenary Test players in front of a five-day crowd in excess of 250,000 paying customers got just $400 each.

It was this lack of financial security which led to the growth of WSC. World-class players of the ilk of Ian and Greg Chappell, Dennis Lillee, Rod Marsh and Doug Walters had been offered the opportunity to compete in "rebel" tours and matches before 1977. However, unprofessional approaches resulting from a complete disregard for the traditions of cricket meant almost instant refusal. Then came Packer, via John Cornell and Austin Robertson. Their attitude was born from sympathy toward the players and a strong belief in increased financial reward for top-line cricketers.

Doug Walters was on tour with the Australian team in New Zealand when Lillee told him John Cornell wanted to see him in one of the bottom dressing rooms during the lunch break.

John said, "Look mate, I'm going a bit rough. Can you lend me a quid?"

Doug put his hand in his pocket and said, "I've left my wallet in our dressing-room, but I'll fix you up after the game."

Dennis and John couldn't restrain themselves any longer and burst into raucous laughter. It was in that dungeon that Doug became one of the first to sign for WSC.

After two years of highly competitive matches played on traditional grounds, (and some not so traditional) a compromise was reached between Packer and the Australian Cricket Board (ACB).

The first public acknowledgement of the compromise by a player came from the irrepressible Doug Walters. Playing in a charity match at Drummoyne Oval in Sydney, Doug walked on to the ground wearing his yellow-banded WSC jumper and his blue NSW cap.

He joined the slips cordon and I said, "Nice outfit, Freddy."

He replied, "There's been a compromise!"

After two years of official feuding, the players were accepted back into their local club sides with relative ease, but some of the wounds were going to take a long time to heal. These days the ACB offers season-long contracts to our top players, enabling them to become professional cricketers. Prior to this, players were rewarded on a per-match basis only.

The ability to train and play without financial burden improves the quality of performance. It is an unfortunate fact that the baggy green Australian cap doesn't even pay the telephone bill.

The players' lot may have substantially improved, but what of the game itself? The most impressive result of the upheaval has been the new generation of cricket supporters. The excitement of one-day cricket under lights brought with it the "football barracker". The vociferous, aggressive spectator would wander into the grounds after work and release his pent-up frustrations. It certainly made for a wonderful atmosphere.

The first WSC night match at the SCG between the Australians and the West Indians attracted an estimated crowd of 50,000. So caught out were the organisers that Packer worked on the gate, allowing people into the near-vacant members' stand as other WSC employees manned different areas of the ground.

The razzmatazz and hype surrounding one-day games with their colored clothes, orange balls and black sight screens induced a family night out at the cricket, an understanding of the subtleties and complexities resulted and the game prospered. Plus many of those converts to the game now attend Test matches and can appreciate a draw after five days.

Dual tours to Australia each summer have meant people are seeing the best players in the world more often.

Life after Packer has brought world sport, particularly cricket, into the homes of the Australian people, improved the players' lot and increased support for the grandest game of all.

As a player, Mr Packer, thank you for the opportunity to help in pioneering a new era in Australian cricket.

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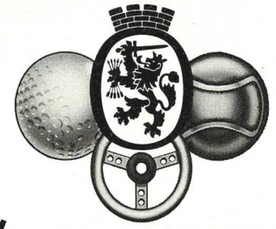

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SURFING

(continued from page 55)

Young Hollywood stars started taking fashion tips from the daggy stuff the surfers wore.

that most Australians live within cooee of a beach, we led the way in the first generation of surf industry successes. Companies like Quiksilver and Billabong, both begun as backyard boardshort shops by surfers, emerged as export forces and world leaders in surfer style. The secret of their success was so simple that the rag trade proper had completely missed it. Quiksilver's Alan Green and Billabong's Gordon Merchant actually spent time on the beach, listening and watching. They went back to their machine shops and produced the kind of shorts the kids wanted. Soon they were outfitting them from top to toe and, as it turned out, what was popular with beach kids in Sydney and Brisbane was equally popular in San Diego, Biarritz and Cornwall.

Meanwhile in California — perhaps the philosophical core of the beach movement since the emergence of Gidget and the Beach Boys in the early 1960s — there were signs that the Okanui Principle's time had come. In a way it was inevitable that the impetus would come from California, despite the fact that surfers had been regarded as fringe people for more than two decades. Californians, after all, lived a tropical myth, propounded by Middle America's vision of blue skies, palm trees and endless golden beaches. The reality was — and is — that the Golden State has grey, smoggy skies, endless suburbia and very little surf. But if you lived in California you had this oh-so-casual image to maintain. You had to look like you were, well, going to the beach.

It is difficult to pinpoint which company or companies was responsible for the Okanui Principle, but its propulsion east through the suburbs of Los Angeles, then around the nation and around the world, is simple to trace. Okanuis were worn throughout the 1940s and '50s by the generally overweight Hawaiian gentlemen who attempted to teach the basics of surfboard riding to tourists during their packaged holidays in Waikiki. Knee-length and colorful, the shorts were part of the surfer uniform until the middle '60s when practicality took over. (They were perhaps a little too ethnic for the acid generation.) But okanuis were back on the beaches by the end of the '70s, mostly as a kind of self-parody among surfers. Shorts manufacturers made enough to satisfy demand, but it was widely recognised that they were too off-the-wall to penetrate the general market.

But, desperate to be more casual than the next guy, young stars of Hollywood started taking fashion tips from the daggy stuff the surfers wore. Soon clean-cut kids in sit-coms were padding around the house saying stuff like "Can I borrow the car tonight, huh, Dad?" and wearing surfer okanuis. The floodgates were open. Shopkeepers from Missoula to Milwaukee wanted to know where those crazy shorts came from.

Surfwear was up and running, aided and abetted by the significant parallel growth of surf-related sports such as sailboarding and skateboarding. You didn't need an ocean for either of these offshoots, and this made surfer activity as well as style accessible to the landlocked. A couple of years ago I remember sitting down for a beer at a cafe on Hamburg's Alstersee lake and suddenly being surrounded by surfer types in okanuis and sneakers. Their T-shirts bore legends about faraway beaches but, with a concrete promenade for skateboarding and enough breeze to sailboard across the lake, they had no need of a real beach of their own.

As surfwear became a global fashion, the companies best positioned to exploit its popularity were those who could claim authentic surfer roots and who understood enough of current beach mentality to stay a step ahead of demand. In California, one of the most successful new companies was Gotcha, brainchild of South African expatriate Michael Tomson, a cousin of superstar Shaun and once ranked number five in the world himself. Having achieved acceptance away from the beach, Tomson and others did a rather neat reverse, borrowing ideas and fabrics from the fashion mainstream and adapting them to surfwear. For example, plaid shorts were what your Dad wore on the weekend. No self-respecting surfer would be seen dead in them until Tomson brought them back to the beach, again, almost as a self-parody.

With retail sales of surfwear climbing towards $1 billion, it was perhaps understandable that companies with little or no knowledge of the beach scene would want in. Although some of the emerging entrepreneurs feared that this might sound the death knell for an industry born of the spirit of rebellion, most in surfing adopted the posture of the smiling rape victim. If it's going to happen, you might as well make the best of it. In California a surfer and communications graduate called Steve Sakamoto started conducting market research surveys on the beaches and selling the results to businesses. Sakamoto made a commercial service out of the essence of Alan Green and Gordon Merchant's success — keeping your eyes and ears open on the beach — and now bills more than $150,000 a year as he works on his tan.

In Australia, where the population bases are right on the coast, there is less need for a Sakamoto-style service, although some manufacturers say they would possibly become clients if one existed. Most, however, believe it is relatively easy to maintain an awareness of beach trends. "It's important to keep an eye on what they're wearing and thinking on the beach," says Dare Jennings, 36, owner of Mambo Graphics, whose "100% Mambo" line is one of the hot new beach products, with orders of more than $2.5 million this summer. "But what's more important is having a sense of humor about it. Some of these surfers look so bloody miserable you'd think their mothers had made them go and sit on the beach for an hour as punishment. Our clothes have a real sense of fun which I think they appreciate," says Jennings.

Jennings believes Mambo and some of the other recent arrivals are more in tune with the late '80s than some of the long established manufacturers. "Some of our competitors' stuff seems to me to be rooted in the '70s," he says. Among the other new movers on the Australian surf scene are Instinct (a label licensed from surfer Shaun Tomson and, according to marketing consultant Bru Kubiec, now turning over more than $1 million in its fourth year in Australia) and Catz, just starting its third summer season and, according to owner John Boorer, also topping $1 million sales.

Boorer, a surf industry veteran, made a steady income as a representative for several companies before deciding to test the efficacy of his beach nous with his own money. "We picked a cat for the graphic because cats are such sleazy animals," says Boorer. "That was the image. Sleazy but loveable." Catz started with boardshorts of pigment-dyed canvas but, coming in just as the surf boom took off, has been able to expand to an entire surf wardrobe and to a high percentage of export sales. According to Boorer, 70 percent of the company's income is now from offshore. "We've been lucky," he says. "But I think the way to succeed in this business is pretty simple really. You listen to what the kids want, then maybe you take it one step further by adapting some trendy European idea. Take the frills off and put it back on the beach."

Dare Jennings concurs. "The inspiration for Mambo comes straight off the beach but there also has to be another element. We steer right away from using surfers in our advertising, for example. You have to be careful of overkill on the surf thing."

So will the surf boom soon expire on the sand like an ocean wave? Industry consensus is that there is a long way to go yet and beach chic may escape death altogether, evolving into a new form of resort wear. That once-despised term brings to mind polyester print muu-muus and Paula Stafford bikinis, but it may have to be recalled. When they're wearing baggies in Bathurst, it's no longer surfwear.

SPY WARS

(continued from page 58)

Historically, the US has allowed spies to operate there because they do the same in Russia.

would allow "the Soviets to achieve surprise and tactical advantage in combat". Had World War III broken out in the late '70s or early '80s, suggests a KGB defector, the US might well have lost.

Only the disgruntlement of Walker's ex-wife and the persistence of his grown daughter — both of whom had to prod the FBI into action — led to the discovery of the Walker ring.

Hunting for the bright side amid such disaster, former CIA director Colby says, "The important thing to remember about the past couple of years is that the spies the Soviets have picked up in America are tawdry little people who sold their country for a few bucks. But the people who have come to us from the Soviet side are people of considerable stature who have decided they don't like the system anymore. The Philbys, the Burgesses, the Macleans and the Hisses were seeking a higher good by supporting the revolution. Now they're doing it for $20,000 or $30,000."

Does it really matter if security has been compromised with the help of a true believer or a money-hustling traitor? (Walker, incidentally, received about $1,000,000 — an indication of how much the Russians valued his information.) Nevertheless, it is true that the West has landed some big fish of its own. In 1978, the under-secretary-general of the United Nations, Arkady Shevchenko, became the highest ranking Russian diplomat to defect to the US. He brought with him helpful information on KGB operations in New York as well as first-hand knowledge of some top Russian officials.

Vitaly Yurchenko first came to the US in 1975 as the KGB officer in charge of overseeing Russian embassy personnel in Washington. Ten years later he walked up to a Swiss guard in Rome's Vatican Museum, identified himself as a KGB colonel, and asked to be taken to the American embassy.

It was a major catch. In debriefings, Yurchenko alerted the FBI and the CIA to traitors including Pelton and Howard. He also warned that the KGB station chief in London, Oleg Gordiyevsky, who had secretly worked as a British agent for 19 years, was about to be unmasked. That permitted Gordiyevsky to seek political asylum.

"If the CIA had had several of its senior officers defect to the Soviet Union over the past three or four years, we'd be in a state of panic," says Colby. "That's exactly what the KGB has had happen."

The KGB, however, could take considerable solace in the outcome of the Yurchenko case. Unhappy and feeling alienated in the US, Yurchenko began drinking heavily. One November night in 1985, three months after his defection, Yurchenko shocked his CIA handler by walking out of a restaurant in Washington's Georgetown district, taking a taxi the short distance to the Russian residential compound — and redefecting. Soon thereafter, the Russians hosted a Washington press conference during which Yurchenko claimed he'd been drugged and tortured by the CIA. He was then hustled back to the Soviet Union before he could switch his allegiance again.

It's tempting to fault US intelligence bumbling for the Yurchenko reversal: when he fled, Yurchenko was in the hands of a single CIA escort. But the Russians cannot be credited with unusual cunning for some of their other coups; chance played a part. Walker, for instance, far from being actively recruited by the KGB, walked into the Soviet embassy off the street. On the other hand, the marine betrayal might well be traced to lax security and general inattentiveness. In April, Assistant Secretary of State Robert E. Lamb returned from a 36-hour inspection of the US embassy in Moscow and described it as "sloppy, dirty. . . and poorly maintained, [which] makes it very difficult to protect the national security information that is in the building."

In assessing the larger picture — exactly how much damage has been inflicted by Russian spy successes — it's important to take a step back from the sensationalist headlines. Though the press blasted the marine corps for permitting KGB agents to roam freely in the Moscow embassy, presumably snatching codes and documents at will, this past May the most serious charges against the arrested marines were dropped; they were deemed hearsay. That news did not make the cover of *Time*.

Clearly, however, serious lapses have taken place; the sheer number of spies arrested — 27 in the past two years — is unprecedented in peacetime. And some blame must go to inadequate resources and a generally casual attitude toward security. In the wake of Angleton's departure from the CIA, the counter-intelligence staff was slashed from 300 to 80. The Defence Department cut its security roster almost in half, making crucial background checks far less feasible.

Howard, for instance, was a notoriously high-risk person, both in the CIA and after he was dismissed; he had both a drinking and a drug problem, and had committed petty theft. More rigorous investigation would surely have targeted him as a potential danger. Jonathan Jay Pollard, convicted of spying for Israel, was a ludicrously high risk; his background included heavy drug and alcohol use, and for years he *pretended* he was spying for Israel — when he wasn't. And it was due to Defence Department cost-cutting, says Barron, that John Walker was able to avoid a more rigorous five-year-check — and continued spying. Had the FBI or CIA kept track of KGB diplomat/spies, they might well have caught Walker, who left thousands of documents at pre-arranged drop sites where KGB agents retrieved them, before 1985.

Why aren't the so-called "diplomats" expelled, if the Americans know they're spies? Partly, due to international protocol. Historically, the US has allowed spies to operate there because they do the same in Russia. Furthermore, when old faces are replaced by new ones, counter-intelligence agents must learn to identify another cast of characters.

But the Walker case and Soviet arrest of journalist Nicholas Daniloff changed the climate of opinion. An angry Reagan administration chose to make a forceful statement, and last year drastically cut the size of Soviet delegations in the US. Targeted were veteran KGB and GRU (military intelligence) officers, and a total of 105 diplomats were sent home from their UN mission post.

"Will the KGB be able to recoup these operations?" asks Smith, the former FBI counter-intelligence expert. "The KGB makes some contacts overseas, and this won't harm those arrangements. What will hit the KGB worst is the people they were developing who were not yet completely recruited." But although the KGB has had some success with spies, the Russians don't necessarily have to recruit traitors to succeed. They can pluck telephone conversations between researchers out of thin air. "The hardest thing to do," says Smith, "is to get an American who has lived a free life, who has felt safe talking on the telephone, to understand that the Soviets intercept conversations. It's the singularly most damaging area of all."

Naturally, the CIA, for its part, intercepts private Soviet conversations. It's often a choice of sheer drudgery — and rarely makes headlines or the stuff of propaganda coups. Only years after the Soviets had made the discovery, for example, did Americans learn that the CIA had listened in on Kremlin leaders while they rode around Moscow in limousines. The West, naturally, is reluctant to boast of such achievements in public. Given the spate of recent spy reversals, one can only hope that there's a bit more bragging going on in private.

"There's a two cart pile-up on Gallows Hill — avoid that area! Trolls are causing a slow-down at the Bridge and the Twilight Rush is shaping up about as usual!"

HONEYMOON

(continued from page 76)

I was glad I had gone on my honeymoon. I needed to be away from the matchmakers and meddlers.

more. But the meal, and the joie de vivre with which I ripped into it, let me in on one of Italy's most hedonistic secrets. In Italy, the Good Eater is a creature beloved, a man or woman whom small children seek to emulate, a blessed soul. As the restaurant-reviewing duo of Gault and Millau once observed, "Italians would sell their beds just to eat. . . Not at home, but at the trattoria. . . The trattorias play the role of Italians' second home."

And so it was that, within hours of dropping my bags at the Hotel Excelsior on the Via Veneto (where I stared disconsolately at the waiting basket of fruit, the flowers, and the bottle of Asti Spumante with two glasses), I found myself howling at my waiter for more *vino*, more *aqua minerale*, more pasta and more oblivion. I was in a great trattoria in the heart of Rome, not far from the Piazza Navonna, called Trattoria da Luigi. The place was a mishmash of mismatched tables and chairs, sprawling across the cluttered, homely Piazza Sforza Cesarini — a loveable dump of a restaurant. It was the last place where you might expect to find even the vaguest edge of trendiness.

Yet seated there were an assortment of Australians and Americans working at the nearby Cinecitta film studios. They had all learned the fine art of trattoria etiquette, which I was quick to pick up on. The first rule is that it's essential to yell and wave your arms a lot — that sort of thing is expected of you. The second rule is that wine is the first thing you order — if you have a good bottle on your table, all else will follow with ease and simplicity.

And so my honeymoon for one went. I would spend my mornings recovering from what I had done the night before, wobbling on rubbery legs through an endless string of museums and cathedrals, where I would often pause to beg forgiveness for whatever sin I had committed which led to such an abominable pounding in my skull. I'd spend the afternoon eating and drinking enough to get me through my afternoon nap. And I'd spend the evening eating and drinking enough to get me through the night.

Even the most pained and wretched of souls can spend only so much time avoiding the inevitable. What I was going through finally caught up with me in Venice. I was doing a fairly decent job of drowning my heartache, until I wandered into a stuffy, rather nasty restaurant called Antico Martini, where the singularity of my situation led to my being given the full Lonely Guy Treatment. In other words, the restaurant behaved as if what they had seated at one of their tables was nothing more or less than human garbage wrapped in skin.

While other tables laughed and sang, I was seated at a little table in the shadows near the kitchen door. No bread arrived. My wine, appetiser, soup, pasta and entree all came at once. I was made to feel as if I were a leper, dressed in sackcloth and ashes, ringing a bell and crying, "Unclean, unclean" as I made my quasi-tragic exit.

After that, I collapsed into a canal filled with self-loathing and unremitting mortification of the flesh. I left Venice in a torrent of tears, and was stopped just out of town by a member of the local constabulary. He pointed out to me that, while blubbering like a fool, I had gone through what passes in Italy for a red light. I think the light was sort of a bluish-amber, an amusing joke played on tourists by the locals. Actually, it took a while for me to discover that I had been stopped for going through a light, and not for being a weepy terrorist, simply because the policeman went through his whole song and dance routine in Italian. Since my Italian consists mostly of "spaghetti" and "vino", it took a while for me to get a word in edgewise, and let him know that Italian was a 37th language for me, and I was only up to language number one in my studies.

When I told him that I didn't speak Italian, he started speaking pretty good English — good enough for him to read me the riot act. After he finished bawling me out, he stopped himself, and asked, "Wait a minute! Why are we speaking English?" I told him it was because I didn't speak Italian. He told me, "But you must speak Italian." I asked him why. He told me it was because I was driving an Italian car. And people ask me why I love Italy?

I explained to the officer that I didn't see the light because I was swimming upstream through a river of tears. I told him of my love for my past-tense fiancee, and of my tragic jilting. I explained to him that I was on my honeymoon by myself, that I was a soul roasting over a barbecue in the lower depths of perdition. By the end of my oration, he was on the verge of tears. He told me he had a cousin in Melbourne who ran a restaurant, and that I had to look him up when I got home. Then he took me to his home to meet the wife and kids, and have some wine. He wanted me to know that a family can be happy, that marriage is an honorable estate, that life has meaning. He never did give me a ticket.

In the end, my honeymoon for one was what might best be described as a deeply bittersweet journey through me. I was glad I had gone on my honeymoon, I needed some time to myself. I needed to be away from the matchmakers and meddlers who looked upon me as a prime steak, ready for the marital frying pan.

It was also a unique way to come face to face with some of the shortcomings my ex-wife-to-be found so alarming. I realised that I'm a real pain in the arse, that you can't bully a person into living a life they don't want to, that patience may indeed be the greatest virtue of them all. I learned that being a highly obsessed Type A personality can exact a rather high price on relationships, and that sometimes the price of being self-absorbed is having no one to be absorbed with but yourself.

But there was good news mixed with the bad. I reaffirmed the simple fact that I'm an okay guy. I can entertain myself pretty well, I can change my socks with reasonable regularity, and I can strike up decent conversations with people with whom I share no common language at all. And I liked being one of P.J. O'Rourke's Bachelor Disaster Areas. Women inspire men to be neat, clean and upstanding. Every once in a while, especially when the occasion calls for it, it's fun to be a mess.

My favorite bit of honeymoon madness came late one night after a two-bottles-of-wine meal in the fine old city of Verona, home of Romeo and Juliet. It was after one in the morning, I was nattily attired in my white linen suit, with matching white shoes. Heading back to my hotel, I stumbled through a dimly lit medieval square, packed with locals eating and drinking in a clutter of outdoor cafes. I stood there, listing ever so slightly to starboard. And all of a sudden — *mirabile dictu*! — right out of nowhere the voice of Gene Kelly popped into my head. He was crooning the title song from *Singin' In The Rain*, which was *our* favorite movie musical. I wanted the music to go away, but the wine had assured that it wouldn't.

And so, to appease whatever demon had gotten into my noggin, I started to dance. I danced my way around the piazza, once, twice, three times, maybe even four times. Diners and drinkers, late night carousers every one of them, would look up at me and smile, as I did a workaday soft shoe. Looking into their eyes, I could read their thoughts, as they blessed me for the divine madness that had afflicted me, and for the Divine Comedy which had become my life. I danced for close to an hour, dancing away the pain and hurt, the misery and self-doubt, the devastation to my soul and havoc wreaked upon my psyche. I danced like a man possessed.

And I know it was during that dance in Verona that I began to heal. I could hear Scarlett O'Hara going on about how tomorrow was another today, as the closing music from *Gone With The Wind* replaced the voice of Gene Kelly within my well-addled mind. I knew I was going to be all right.

SEX

Leading sexologist Bettina Arndt brings you the latest sex news and views.

What an idiot I am. I've just blown my first big moment! There I was all set up for my first time with my girlfriend. Before that I'd only had sex with myself — lots of it, that's for sure, but not the same. But now here was this real live girl who I had been working on for months and I finally persuaded her to come away with me to stay over at a mate's place. I knew I was in trouble from the minute I arrived. I had this huge erection (well, huge by my standards anyway) and I had hardly started to feel her up when I climaxed. Here I was with this stain on my trousers and I'd hardly even kissed her. I felt like such a fool The rest of the night was a disaster because my mate's parents ended up coming home early and we all had to go home. I didn't have much chance to talk to her but I am sure she must have noticed. Do you think she feels I am strange? I don't know what to do now because I am afraid she will have written me off as a dud bash. Does this happen to other guys or am I just a freak?

— F.K., Tas.

I suspect she may well have noticed what happened to you but I doubt if it worried her. Most young women these days know that the whole performance is pretty heavy going for males. They are well aware that young men get excited really quickly and it doesn't take much to set them off. I wouldn't be surprised if it had happened to her before. It certainly isn't uncommon. Don't worry, you will calm down eventually. At the moment all systems are go, your nerves are on edge anticipating this great event in your sexual life and with all that excitement, chances are you are going to have real trouble controlling yourself for quite a while. But the sooner you get on with it, the sooner you will learn to cope with those first-night nerves, and start to relax.

So don't leave that poor young lady waiting and worrying what she did wrong, get back to wooing and, when the time is right, go ahead and enjoy yourself. Don't expect instant ecstasy — first times are often rather a disappointment, particularly for women, who usually take time to learn to respond. If you do find you climax very quickly, I think it would be best to bring it out into the open. Talk to her, tell her she was so exciting that she just swept you away! That's very flattering and I am sure she will be pleased to have a chance to talk about her feelings as well. Males often assume women are sitting in judgement, ready to criticise a poor male performance, whereas women are suffering exactly the same feelings of nervousness and concern about their sexual competence. The more we talk, the better we understand each other and learn to relax and enjoy our relationships.

I'm a woman in my early fifties recently separated from my husband and presently without a sexual partner. I read somewhere that if you go for a long time without having intercourse you may lose some physical ability. Is this true? If it is I want to know what I may be able to do to keep myself from "going rusty". I don't want to lose my capacity for good intercourse because sex has always given me a great deal of pleasure. It occurs to me that if I were to go for months without anything in my vagina it might shrink. If you think this is a good idea,

would you tell me what you would recommend?

— A.T., Vic.

It is true that regular sexual activity does appear to have a role in preventing sexual atrophy in post-menopausal women. Vaginal atrophy refers to the shrinkage and thinning of the vaginal walls which sometimes occurs in older women as a result of the hormonal changes which take place after menopause. A study from the Rutgers Medical School published in the *Journal Of The American Medical Association* compared post-menopausal women who had been sexually active (defined as intercourse at least three times a month) with sexually inactive (intercourse less than 10 times a year) women. The two groups were rated by gynaecologists on a vaginal atrophy index which measures any shrinkage of their vaginal opening or vaginal depth or any thinning of the vaginal linings. The researchers found the sexually active women had far healthier vaginas, with less shrinkage and atrophy.

I should also mention the fact that because some of these changes are also the result of hormonal deficiencies in post-menopausal women, many women also need hormonal replacement therapy to supplement the oestrogen they have lost. Oestrogen is a hormone crucial to the production of vaginal lubrication and maintenance of a healthy vagina. Women suffering oestrogen deprivation often experience a dry vagina, painful intercourse involving tearing and sometimes bleeding of the thin vaginal walls, and an increase in vaginal infections. Hormone replacement therapy can eliminate these problems and the new regimes of hormones being given offer minimal health risks. This is now a safe treatment for many older women and one of enormous benefit.

One final point. It would also be a good idea to use pelvic floor (PC) exercises to keep your vaginal muscles in good shape. You will find these described in many women's health and childbirth education books.

MALE COMPLAINTS

Last month I talked about the survey conducted by the newsletter *Sex Over Forty*, investigating the most common complaints women make about their lovers. I promised men would have a chance to answer back ... so here, according to the newsletter, are the 10 most common complaints men have about their partners:

1. "*She doesn't want sex as often as I do.*" It's strange, isn't it? We know women are capable of an equally strong, and perhaps even stronger sexual drive than men, but the fact remains in most relationships it is still women who get the headaches and say "no" to sex. So because it's harder for us to relax and enjoy ourselves, we are less likely to want sex when the situation isn't ideal — when we are tired or bogged down in everyday problems. Whereas many men can use sex to escape from tension, to relax and achieve intimacy, most women need to feel intimate and relaxed to want sex. Hence we say "no" more often.

2. "*She never initiates sex.*" This does seem to be changing. A survey conducted by *Cleo* magazine some years ago found most of the young women surveyed claimed to be happy to make the first move and believed men had equal rights to be seduced. This does not apply to some older women who were raised to feel men should orchestrate the proceedings. Such women are often afraid of appearing foolish if they change the rules, are nervous of rejection (yes, I know men have to face this all the time!) and often

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are unsure just how their partners would react if they were to be more assertive. Many are learning but some never will.

3. "*She never experiments.*" Here, too, there are signs of change. The *Cleo* survey found many young women complained it was men who were clinging to the sexual straight and narrow. But there are probably still more women than men who are inhibited about trying something new. Gentle persuasion over a long period, using reading and movies to inspire a more versatile approach, may work. But gently, gently — you'll risk turning her off sex altogether if she starts to feel hassled.

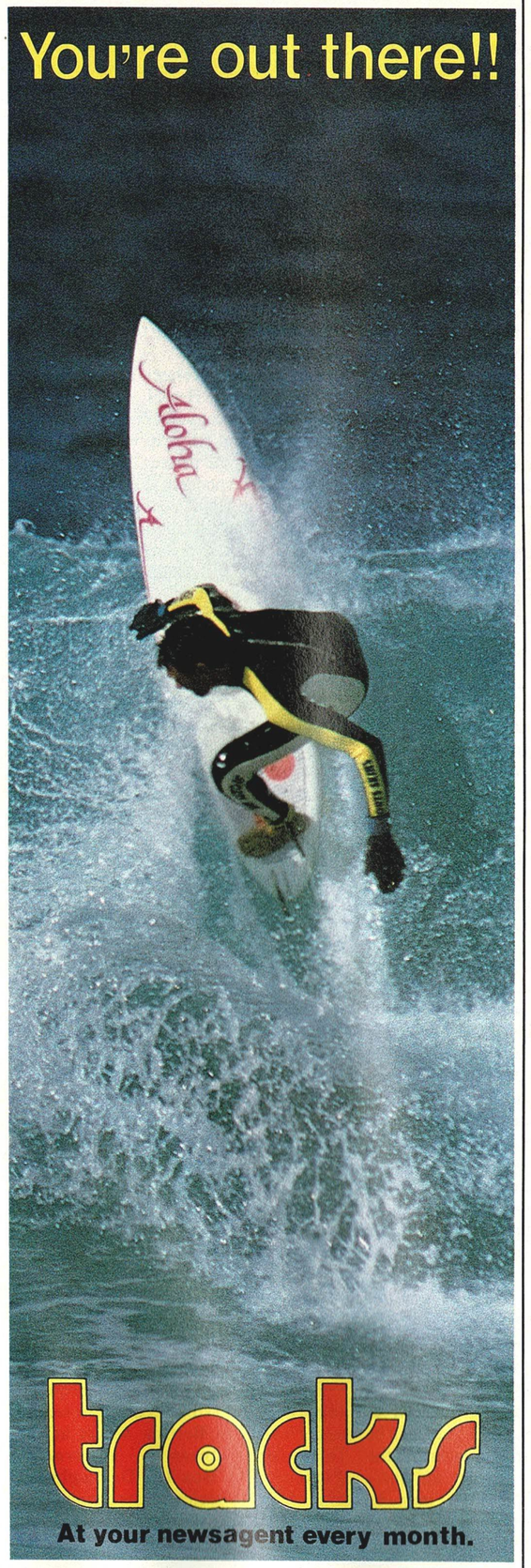
4. "*She takes too long to be aroused.*" Why? Well, we know women are far more easily distracted during sexual arousal and find it harder to tune out from daily hassles and get in the mood for sex. This inability to focus exclusively on pleasure accounts for the length of time it takes many women to become aroused with their partners. It's not that we are always slow to heat up, but when we have a partner to distract us, it takes longer.

5. "*She takes too long to climax.*" It's understandable that men do find women who climax quickly a lot easier to handle. It takes patience and consideration to satisfy women who need prolonged stimulation, but luckily there are plenty of nice guys around willing to labor long and hard to do just that. Judith and Marc Meshorer, who interviewed easily orgasmic women for their book *Ultimate Pleasure*, found that the women who climax quickly and easily usually do a lot of the work themselves by using "pre-arousal imagery" — preparing themselves mentally for sex before it happens by imagining what is going to take place, how it is going to feel, etc. So perhaps women who take a long time should do their males a favor by preparing themselves to start warm, if not hot.

6. "*She won't tell me what she wants.*" Sometimes the problem is that she really doesn't know herself what she enjoys, which is why therapists encourage women to learn how to stimulate themselves so they can then teach their partners. Some women are locked into the mistaken belief that if their man loves them he'll know what to do. They need to be taught that even the most devoted man isn't a mind-reader. Other women are simply shy or inhibited, or afraid their requests will be seen as peculiar. Lots of reassurance can change such attitudes, plus asking for feedback during sex, e.g. "Is this nice?" "Harder? Softer?" "Tell me when it feels best." Ask her to guide your hand and show you how she'd like to be touched. It takes time to build up this type of communication.

7. "*She doesn't like to touch my penis.*" Yes, some women do have what's called "penis aversion". Perhaps as a result of a traumatic childhood incident, or a very strict upbringing, they find the sight and touch of the male organ very unpleasant. If such

You're out there!!



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NEXT MONTH

ONE-NIGHT STANDS: ARE THEY REALLY WORTH THE EFFORT?

MEET SULTRY **SUSANNE KOYEN,** FINAL PLAYMATE IN A YEAR OF WONDERFUL WOMEN.

KOREA TODAY: WHY THE JAPANESE ARE SO NERVOUS ABOUT THE WORLD'S NEW MEGA-MANUFACTURER.

CHRISTMAS CHEER: THE BEST BOOZE TO BUY, AND HOW TO CHOOSE THE RIGHT GIFT FOR YOUR GAL.

KELLY McGILLIS: AN INTIMATE ENCOUNTER WITH A TOP-GUNNING STAR.

a woman is willing to have sex therapy, she can learn to overcome such feelings. Sometimes the reluctance is simply nervousness — she doesn't know *how* to handle it and needs to be taught. Gently talk to her to try to find out what is going on. It may help to explain that as a man grows older he usually needs to be touched to become aroused. You'll need her help, if not now, then later.

8. "*She doesn't like to make love in the nude or with the lights on.*" Once again this is a problem more likely to apply to older women who were brought up to be more inhibited than the younger generation. Yet often the problem relates to the obsession most women have with their body image. Most women feel there is something wrong with their bodies — they are too fat, their breasts are too large or too small, their bottom too big, their thighs lumpy and unattractive. You name it, we worry about it, and unfortunately it often makes us very nervous about displaying our bodies during sex. Women need lots of reassurance — lie if you have to! We need to be convinced that we look good in your eyes, and then we might just risk letting a little light in on the proceedings.

9. "*Her insensitivity causes me to lose my erection.*" Who was it who said there are no impotent men, just incompetent women? Of course there are many reasons why men lose erections (including the many physical causes I have talked about in this column), but it is certainly true that women can be very insensitive about the male's vulnerability in this area. It doesn't take much to instil sexual doubts into the minds of even the most confident of men, and some women do use the bedroom as a battlefield — a means of expressing anger and resentment.

It's best to avoid such women or, if you are married to one, find out what she's angry about and try to fix it, before your penis goes permanently into hiding.

10. "*She rebuffs my advances.*" I've explained why it is that women often want sex less often than men (see complaint No 1) but sometimes women say "no" to sex because they are angry or hurt or don't feel close enough to want sex.

The only way to find out what's really the cause of her rejection is to talk about it, preferably at some calm time when you are relaxed together, rather than in the middle of a fight.

APHRODISIAC DRUGS

At the recent meeting of the American Association of Sex Educators, Counsellors and Therapists in New York, there was news of a number of drugs aimed at increasing sexual desire which may soon be released on the US market. The first of the "aphrodisiac"-type drugs, an anti-depressant called Wellbrutin, may be released next year. Sex therapist Theresa Crenshaw, who visited Australia last year to promote her book *Your Guide To Better Sex*, gave the results of a study using Wellbrutin to treat 57 men and women who suffered from lack of sexual desire and orgasmic difficulties. In the study, conducted by Crenshaw along with Drs James Goldberg and Warren Stern, half of the patients were given Wellbrutin, the other half a placebo, over a period of three months. In this "double-blind" study, neither the researcher nor patient knew who was getting the real drug and who was on a placebo. The result was 63 percent on Wellbrutin reported significantly increased libido and sexual performance, compared to 3 percent on placebos.

Another researcher, Philadelphian psychiatrist Dr Harold Lief, recently conducted a second Wellbrutin study on 650 couples and came up with 46 percent improvement, 22 percent from placebos. "But some responded very dramatically. We're talking about people in their mid-fifties, with lifelong inhibited sexual desire, who had failed every other form of sex therapy before Wellbrutin," said Lief.

The drug was originally developed by Burroughs Wellcome to treat depression and was approved as a prescription anti-depressant more than a year ago by the US Food And Drug Administration (FDA). But marketing was delayed when a handful of recipients, who were both bulemic and anorexic, had seizures. More recent research has shown that the seizure rate among "bulimorexic" patients is no more than with any other anti-depressant. Several drug companies are negotiating with Burroughs-Wellcome and the FDA for the right to market the drug after more FDA-required studies.

And while on the topic of aphrodisiacs, an extract from the bark of the African yohimbe tree, which has for centuries been claimed as an aphrodisiac, is now being used to treat impotent men. The extract, *yohimbine*, falls into the category of drugs known as "alpha blockers" and causes vasoconstriction of the penile blood outflow. It is also known to stimulate the release of norepinephrine which is an important transmitter involved in erectile functioning. Yohimbine has been shown to increase erectile functioning in a variety of patients suffering impotence, including some diabetic patients and men suffering total loss of erections.

At this stage further research is needed to determine why yohimbine seems to be effective for some impotent patients but not for others.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- *Australian Playboy*, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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